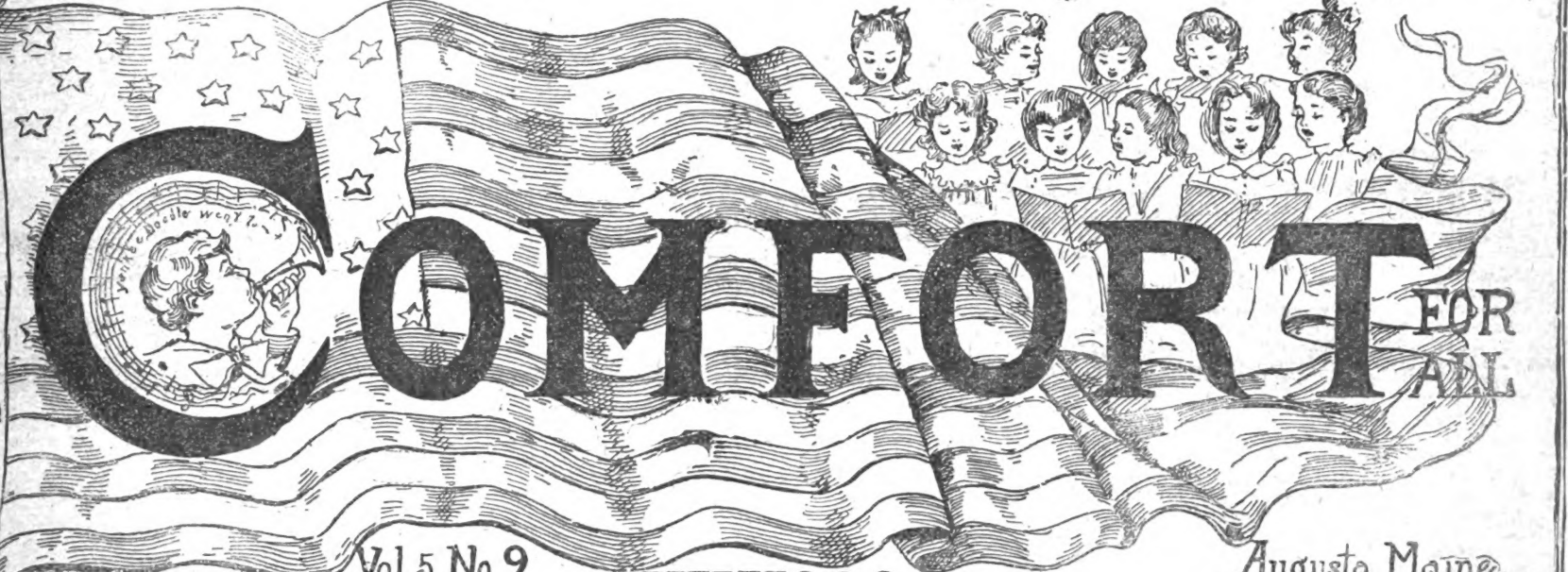




say, does that star-spangled ban-ger yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?



Vol. 5 No. 9 JULY 1893 The Gannett & Morse Concern. Augusta Maine.



My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of Liberty! Hail, Columbia, hap-py land! Hail, ye her-oes, heav'n born--



IN HIS NAME.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY SARAH M. MAVERICK.

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ME MAMA'S baby," said a childish voice just behind me, and I turned with a start to see a wee bit of a girl standing right by my chair. "Me mama's darling," she repeated, nodding the pretty head. "I should think so," I exclaimed involuntarily. "Yes, mama love baby," she said again, leaning against me. "I don't see who could help it," I said to myself as I lifted her into my lap. What a lovely little creature she was! Her dainty head was covered with light, fluffy curls, like im-

prisoned sunbeams, and just now the large, dark eyes were filled with a wistful longing that struck a chord of sympathy in my heart.

"Where is mama?" I asked. "My mama gone way up there," she said, pointing to the sky. "My mama so sick, and she tell me to come to her sometime, so I wanned away this morning, and I'se so tired 'tause I can't find her. Fought maybe you'd dive me something to eat. I'se drefful hungry," this with a sigh, and a folding of the tiny hands that was extremely touching.

Looking at her more closely, I saw indications of fatigue and travel that I had not noticed before, and thought it best not to ask further explanations till she had rested. "Of course I will, you darling," I said, as I laid her on the lounge, and kissed her.

"You dess like my mama," was the grateful answer, the tears springing to her eyes; and as I turned away I heard a weary little sob that made my heart ache. She ate well, however, and after she had slept I took her in my arms again and asked:

"What is your name, little one?" "Mama's baby," she answered quickly.

"Yes, dear, I know. But everybody has a name, and mama must have given you one. Can't you think?"

An anxious look came into the sweet face, and she seemed to be trying to recall something that had passed from her mind. "Mama used to tell me 'darling' and 'Goldie,' 'tause my hair so yellow," she said slowly, "and sometimes she talled me 'Birdie.'"

"That's it," I said. "You mean Bertie for Bertha." "No, no," very positively, "dess 'Birdie,'" and with that I had to be satisfied.

Where she came from only the dear Lord who gave His angels charge over her could tell. I wondered how she ever got here without attracting attention, but I gathered from her talk that, with a child's instinctive desire for protection, she had followed a lady into the cars, and people seeing them together would naturally suppose it was all right. When the train stopped Birdie left it, supposing the lady was coming, "but," she added with a grieved look, "she didn't come at all. She dess

went wight on, and left me."

The poor little thing had walked from the depot, and seeing my door wide open came in to rest.

I hunted her clothing over carefully, but not a mark nor a letter could I find. There was nothing but a locket hung on a fine gold chain, and which I had not at first perceived as she wore it under her dress. It contained a ringlet of nut-brown hair, and the pictured face of a young woman, the eyes being like those of my little wanderer.

"That's my mama," said the child, kissing it lovingly, "and me must do find her now."

"No, darling," I answered, "you can't find her if you go the wide world over," and, very gently, I explained the sad mystery of death to the poor baby, who listened with eyes full of trouble, and, when I paused, she asked very low, "me never see my mama den, at all?"

"Not in this world, but up in Heaven your mama is surely waiting for you, and you must wait patiently till the Lord sends His angel to take you to her."

"And will a truly angel tome for me?" she asked, her eyes brightening.

"Yes, Birdie, if you are mama's good, patient baby. Some day he will surely come for you."

"Me stay wight here, and wait for angel," she replied, and I had no fear then that she would run away from me. "Haven't you a papa?" I asked.

"Yes, me dot papa," she answered readily. "Papa was seep on the lounge, and I tised him 'dood-bye' and tamed away."

"But papa will want his little girl. Don't you love him too?"

"Yes, me love my papa, 'tause he's so dood, but I want my mama."

I kissed the quivering lips, and hushed her to sleep again, resolved that this stray lamb should not leave me till I found the fold in which she belonged. I advertised, and tried every way to restore her to anxious friends, but all to no purpose, and after three months had passed I gave it up, and accepted her as a gift from God. And a very precious one too. I was all alone in the world, with plenty of means to make life comfortable, and this little waif should share it with me.

"Birdie" was a fitting name, for her movements, as she flashed in and out of the house, and around the grounds, reminded me of a bird more than anything else. And when she sang it was like listening to the soft low notes of the wood thrush. She was singularly good, and a very happy little thing, but she never forgot her mother, and she was always waiting.

One night, as we were sitting by the window watching the moon rise, she suddenly asked:

"Auntie Sade, do you 'spose God has fordotten me?"

"Why, Birdie, why do you ask me such a question as that?" I answered in surprise.

"'Tause He must know I'se tired waiting for His angel to come. Please ask Him to hurry Auntie Sade."

My heart sank within me, as I thought He might pity my poor baby so much He would take heed to her cry, but I told her how we must bide His time, and that she would surely meet mama up there.

I noticed, as the fall season changed into the winter time, that she drooped. She sang less, and her step grew slower, and after a time she stayed in her little cot the best part of the day. Our doctor said she had no disease. It was simply an ever growing weakness brought on by her intense longing for the mother love beyond the skies.

One day, as I was rocking her, she put up her little hand to my face, with the caressing touch I loved so well, and, as though she knew she hurt me, she said softly:

"Auntie Sade, don't cry, but God's angel will tome for me pretty soon. My mama wants me, and he's tomin' fore long now."

Just at daybreak I was awakened from a light doze by her joyful cry. "Auntie Sade, my mama's tome. Dood-bye," and my treasure was gone. Ah me! I felt as though half my life had gone with her.

Down in the cemetery on that tiny grave I laid an open album of pure white marble. Set into it on one

side was the locket, open at the pictured face, and underneath the ringlet of dark hair, and a bright curl from the little one's head. On the other side the words, "Mama's Baby," and underneath "In His Name."

I thought it might be the means of clearing up the mystery, and I was not mistaken.

The next summer a gentleman called. He was greatly agitated, and as soon as I came to the door he exclaimed. "Miss Nelson, I was walking in the cemetery, and I came across a little grave with this upon it," holding up the marble album. "They told me at the undertaker's that you had taken in a little child, and, when she died, you marked her grave, hoping that those who were searching for her might see it, and so learn her fate. Tell me about her please."

I knew him. It was baby's father come too late to claim his own.

I told him all I knew, and he, in turn, gave me the history of her little life before she came to me. Their name was Lester, and she had given her own name correctly when she called herself "Birdie," but her pet name was her favorite, and oftenest used. From her birth the great love and sympathy between mother and child was remarked upon, and when that mother lay sick unto death Birdie was unconscious for hours—in sympathy, the doctor said, with her mother. After a few weeks she seemed like herself, though sorely grieving for the mother who never came to her. She had told the child that she was going to Heaven, and that Birdie must follow, and, he said, he remembered that on the morning she left, she came into the sitting-room where he lay on the lounge half asleep. She kissed him, and, as she shut the door, said something about mama which he did not understand. There was nothing unusual in her manner, and, supposing she was with his sister, he made no inquiry for her till noon. Then it was found that she had disappeared, and he had been searching for her all this time.

How he had missed seeing my notices was a mystery, unless it was the Father's will that she should brighten my lonely life, and I make the "waiting for God's angel" more easy, by lighting her path with loving words and tender care. However it be, there is a tiny figure enshrined in my heart, with great sorrowful eyes, and sunbeams for hair, and every time the vision rises before me my soul goes out in an intense longing for,

"The touch of a vanished hand.
And the sound of a voice that is still."

Around the World in One Day.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY NEMO BURNET.

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YOUNG Peter Jones was tall, lank, bony, red-haired, good-natured, with a face so thickly speckled with freckles, it made one feel as if the real boy was hiding behind them.

He lived on a farm where, it seemed to him, there was always corn to hoe or potatoes to bug, and all the rest of the round of duties on which a boy's time

could be used up to the exclusion of anything like fun. He was always busy, for his father was of a stirring turn, and much given to driving and getting the most out of everything and everybody.

Poor Peter bugged so many potatoes, and hoed so much corn, or, if it chanced to be winter, chopped so much wood, that his muscles attained a most wonderful state of perfection, leaving his brain burdened with very little more sense than he was born with.

However, he did fairly well, in an educational way, by listening attentively to long conversations between his father and other men, who kept their boys at work while they perched on the fence or wood-pile and Peter

hoed or chopped.

But of all the things he heard talked of, the one that struck his fancy hardest was going round the world in various ways—walking bicycle-riding, and so on, in so many days. He pondered on this matter very deeply, but on the only occasion he ventured to express a wish that he could win a little fame and glory to himself in that way his father promptly lengthened his day's work, by sending him out in the field earlier and keeping him out later, "that his energies might be well spent," said the old man.

But every morning, while Peter was busy, he would see the sun rise, through the branches of a gigantic tree about a mile east of the farm, and every evening see it go down behind old Bill Brown's big red barn in the west.

He thought and thought about it, and finally the sight of a solitary wheelman making a circuit of the world decided him.

Bright and early the next morning he arose from his bed and, purposely making some little noise to attract attention, was rewarded by hearing the old man say, "at last that boy has learned how to get up without being called."

Skipping cautiously out of the yard he made a dash for the big tree, and, climbing up to its highest branches, waited the rising of the sun. When it appeared he reached up, seized hold of the top of it, and with a mighty hand spring swung loose from the tree. Heavens! what a scene! The whole United States lay at his feet, with the Atlantic Ocean so close it made him shiver, and the Pacific Ocean just in sight.

He had never been off the farm before, but recognized New York city at once by the bulls and bears on Wall Street, and Chicago by the World's Fair buildings. And there, in the soft morning light, lay the old farm, his neglected hoe lying where he had dropped it the evening before. Ah! with what feelings of joy did he behold the old man peering into every hole and corner on the place, looking for him, he well knew. He almost fancied he could hear that well-known voice, in angry surprise, shrieking his name. He laughed so hard he nearly lost his grip on the sun, when he finally saw the old man take up the hoe and laboriously work up one row and down another all day.

His fun had some few drawbacks, but he tried not to mind them much. He wanted to go round the world for glory, and, lo, he was doing it. Towards noon how hot it did get. When hoeing corn was mild along side of it. However, this was his one lark, and he was not disposed to grumble at anything.

For several hours he noticed, without paying much attention, people in every city and town and all over the country looking towards the sun through smoked glass, but when he saw on top of a big building something which he knew, from pictures he had seen, to be a telescope, then he knew that everyone was looking at him, and trying to make out what kind of a new spot that was on the sun.

The thought struck terror to his heart. What if the old man should recognize him! Anxiously he looked down in the corn-field. There was the old man shading his eyes with his hand, trying to make him out. Peter's devout hope that he would not have wit enough to use smoked glass, and so increase his chances of detection, were realized. The old man went on with his hoeing.

He wasn't much afraid of being found out, for, especially during the middle of the day, he felt pretty high up. But he would not let a little feeling of solitude dampen his ardor. He knew he was in for a flogging when he got home; so, resolving to have a big day, he serenely hung there, watching bank cashiers on their way to Canada, the solitary wheelman he had talked with the evening before gliding along the green prairie, sweethearts courting in sly corners, stately ships sailing on the oceans, and the old man hoeing corn.



It was his turn now to look on and enjoy the spectacle of some one else at work.

But all things must end, and, before he dreamed of the day being gone, suddenly the sun began to go down behind old Bill Brown's big red barn, and twilight set in.

Horror! What would he do when night came on? And now he remembered it was the dark of the moon. He became so frightened and trembled so that he nearly fell off into the Pacific Ocean, which was directly under him by this time, but by a strong effort he conquered his feelings sufficiently to hold on and consoled himself by thinking the summer nights were short, anyway, and would soon pass. But, oh, how tired he was all at once, and now he could not see the old farm he became suddenly homesick, and, oh, so hungry!

Presently the stars began to come out. It was a perfectly clear night, and he had never seen them so thick before. He was obliged to keep good a lookout and dodge among them to keep from bumping his head, and narrowly missed getting one little shooting star in his eye.

Along after midnight he heard something pop and fizz, and a meteor went flying by so close that the smoke made him sneeze. He was badly scared and wished himself home—corn, potato bugs and all, and was just beginning to cry when suddenly a brilliant display of the aurora began, and the northern lights began to burn. He found they were caused by a torch set in the top of the north pole. These amused him for awhile, but when they faded he was left in total darkness.

He wasn't afraid any more, only sleepy. He had to bite his hands and kick his toes against the sun to keep awake, and, never was there a happier boy than young Pete, when the light began to break, and the old tree came in sight. With a shout of joy he made a plunge, lit in its branches, scrambled down to the ground, chased merrily across the fields, took up his hoe and went to work.

When he went in for his flogging and his breakfast his parents hardly knew him, for the sun had melted off all his freckles and he no longer looked at you from behind a speckled veil. Also, they were so rejoiced to get their son back, safe and sound, and hear his adventures, that the old man forgot to flog him, and his mother put sugar an inch deep on his bread and butter.

"THE CORSICAN."

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY JOHN ERNEST MCCANN.

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I NEVER read or hear of a tale of human vengeance that I do not think of 'The Corsican.'



The speaker was one of the keepers in the employ of Barnum and Bailey's Circus; the place, the Madison Square Garden; the time, a few days ago.

I had been assigned by the city editor to gather notes in and around the Garden during the stay of the circus, and Moss Davis had been telling me of his adventures during his forty years of circus life, in all parts of the world.

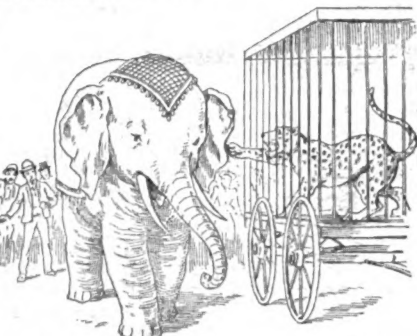
Davis had originally been a costermonger in the Whitechapel district of London, but had drifted away from there, and the precincts of Covent Garden Market, and his donkey cart, to lead a more adventurous and varied existence. He had served in Astley's, Van Amberg's, Stone and Murray's, Forepaugh's, and now he is with Barnum and Bailey, for the rest of his life. If Davis were an educated man, he might write a book that would be read by every boy in the civilized world, it would be so true and graphic.

He is a short, stocky, thick-set man, with a smooth face, square jaws, and piercing eyes, that are full of courage and resolve. He has wonderful control over animals, and the maddest of elephants fear and respect him.

"But I must forever watch them," he says, "or they would do me to death." An elephant is absolutely the most treacherous thing breathing. Even a rattlesnake will warn before he attacks—an elephant, never. In spite of their thick skulls and narrow brains, they have human instincts. No Apache Indian ever waited his opportunity to be avenged with more patience and cunning than the elephant. And that reminds me of a story, which you can put in your paper, if you wish. Give me a cigar.

"It was a good many years ago. We were showing in Paris. It was the opening night, and the tent was crowded. The bell rang, and the great procession started around the enclosure. The elephants were in my charge. In passing around the outer edge of the ring, we had to pass all the cages containing the lions, tigers, and other wild animals not in the line. Behind the wagons, were the people on the tiers, but the wagons did not obstruct in any way their view of what was going on.

"As we were passing a black leopard's cage, 'The Corsican' swerved a little to the left, and stood for about four seconds before that leopard's cage. Before the leopard could be prevented, he shot out one of his muscular paws, and ripped the elephant's ear from root to tip, until it hung in ribbons, from which the blood flowed in rivers.



"I never saw such a look of deadly, fiery hate as was in 'The Corsican's' eye as he shot it at that leopard. He never groaned or whimpered. He just sent in that one dart of intense hatred, and then resumed his march around the arena.

"Nobody knew of what had happened but myself. I nursed 'The Corsican's' ear until it had healed, and after that he seemed to grow as gentle and lovable as a kitten. He never again seemed to give the leopard one single thought.

"Two years passed—mind you, two years—and I had almost forgotten the incident, when one night we were showing in Belgium. We were marching around the outer edge of the ring, as usual, preparatory to the performance, and as we came to the leopard's cage I saw that the big black cat was asleep, his head turned away from the ring, his tail hanging out.

"Before I had time to think, 'The Corsican' extended his trunk, curled it around the root of the leopard's tail and, with one tremendous wrench, had pulled it out by the roots! It seemed as if all hell were let loose in an instant! Such a scream as that leopard let out I have never heard since. And 'The Corsican'! He elevated his trunk, let out blast after blast of triumph, and then flung the horrible bleeding tail far from him. The leopard almost bled to death, but we managed to save his life.

"After that, 'The Corsican' grew independent and fractious. He didn't need to be friendly with me any more, as he must have thought the leopard dead. When he saw the leopard, after the latter had come out of the hospital, all well, but minus a tail, he was the most astonished looking animal I ever saw. He was going to roar, but thought better of it, and for five years after he was like a lamb.

"For three or four years, I always kept an eye on him, however, as I knew how cunning he was in acting a goody-goody part. But as the fourth year passed without any trouble, I became forgetful and off my guard.

"Five years after the leopard lost his tail, and seven years after 'The Corsican' had had his ear ripped, we were in Cuba.

"One afternoon we were preparing for the night's entertainment, when a terrific cyclone swept down upon us, tearing the tent from its fastenings and sending it down the blast at the rate of a mile a minute. It seemed, between the roaring of the storm, the screams of the animals, the cries of the people, and the trumpeting of the elephants, as if the end of the world had come. During the thick of it, I missed 'The Corsican.' Had he gone away to wander in the thick tropical forest, or had he hidden some where in fright, waiting for the storm to pass? Neither. He had broken loose, and invaded the wagon circle. He had found the black leopard's cage, shoved it over, broken the bars, dragged the black fellow out, and literally stamped him into the earth! I found him stamping up and down over what was once that leopard, the ends of his tusks covered with blood and black hairs, and sending up peal after peal of rage and revenge and victory over his dead and buried foe.

"After that day, 'The Corsican' became a perfect demon, and a year later we had to put him to death; and Davis the keeper threw away the end of his smoked cigar, and asked for another.

"THE DUMMY."

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY MRS. FRANZ MILCKE.

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ESSIE BROWN was not a flirt.

She was pretty enough to have been a very successful one, but then, she had a wise little mother who loved her pretty daughter too well to leave her in ignorance of the many snares which beset young feet in a great city.

Bessie was a little milliner, and, so daintily did she poise the roses and forget-me-nots on the bonnets for the large firm of Van Stein, that her income was sufficient to support herself and her mother in comfort. Trimming bonnets was not Bessie's only accomplishment either, for, on Sunday, when the church bells rang and all the busy shops were closed, she proved herself to be as skillful in preparing dainty puddings as in suiting most fastidious customers. She knew nothing of Greek or astronomy, but her trim little figure, her pleasant toned voice, and genuine smile brought comfort and cheer wherever she went.

One day (that one day comes to most people sooner or later) as she walked along Broadway, the busy thoroughfare was busier than ever, and the great stores were being gorgeously bedecked for the approaching Easter-tide, when she paused a moment to look in at Stewart's window.

Life-size figures were displayed in various attitudes, and about them lay the wares of the shop in well-arranged profusion. On one figure, in particular, Bessie's eyes rested. It was the figure of a man, a trifle taller than the rest, with black beard and hair. In his hand he held a large silver tray, laden with exquisite china.

"How well these things are done now-a-days," mused Bessie, still looking at the dummy. Just then Bessie's nerves received a shock, for the dummy not only blinked his eyes but smiled at her. She turned instantly away, blushing scarlet at her mistake.

All day she felt annoyed, and yet there was something about the man which she could not forget. But Bessie was no flirt, and she made up her mind not to look in the direction of Stewart's at all when she passed that way in the morning.

The next day she started bravely from home, but somehow, as she drew near the forbidden window, she began to feel strangely self-conscious. Curiosity also stirred her. It was so hard not to know if he were really looking. But then, of course, he would not be there. He was the window-dresser, no doubt, and had just stood a moment to consider. Still the girl found it hard to keep her eyes straight before her. She passed one great window of the establishment, and was almost past the last one, when, somehow, her eyes just peeped from out the corner next to the store, and—there he was again. There he was, and this time he smiled at her without doubt. The girl was completely overcome with shame and embarrassment. All day she was in a state of confusion. She dropped her flowers about and pricked her fingers incessantly. But Bessie Brown was not a flirt, and at night she told her mother all about it.

The wrinkled little woman listened with deep interest. With quick eyes she noted the girl's agitation and changing color. When Bessie had done the mother was silent a moment, then she simply said: "Go down Davis Street."

Bessie knew what she meant. Davis Street was one block west of Stewart's. The back doors of the firm opened into it. There were no show windows and no dummies on Davis Street, only straw packing boxes, and express wagons.

Bessie went to bed with a chilly sense of righteousness about her, and dreamed that she sat on a heap of cold straw behind Stewart's, where she tried in vain to weave dainty bonnets from the coarse packing stuff.

But the next day she went down Davis Street, and the next, and the next, until a whole year went by.

The girl never forgot the dummy, however, and every morning as she turned into the dingy street her eyes involuntarily sought Stewart's back door, and a sense of loneliness came over her.

Winter came again, snow-flakes filled the air, Bessie hugged her muff and hurried along. Davis Street looked more dismal than ever, but the girl turned resolutely into its windy, whirling depths. The blinding snow buffeted her about, but she struggled on. She was almost at Stewart's door when she suddenly slipped on a bit of ice. With a little cry of pain she fell, not quite to the ground, for a strong hand had caught her. She looked up; there, wrapped in a huge coat, stood the dummy. He seemed in no way surprised or disturbed, but asked with quick concern:

"I am so sorry, did you hurt yourself?" Bessie was so confused that she stammered out, "No, sir," although she could have cried for pain.

He still held her arm and asked again, "Are you all right?"

"Yes, sir, ever so right," said Bessie, still more confused; but when she tried to put her foot to the ground she found her ankle was hopelessly sprained. The dummy seemed to know instinctively what to do. He said, "You will have to return home, and by your leave I will assist you."

He was so kind and withal so commanding that Bessie accepted his offer.



If the earth had opened under her feet, Mrs. Brown would not have been more surprised than she was to see Bessie coming limping into the room, leaning on the arm of this broad-shouldered stranger.

"Mother," said Bessie helplessly, "this is the dummy—I mean Mr. Lessing. I went down Davis Street. I fell and he caught me."

Mr. and Mrs. Lessing sat in the train bound for Boston. They had been married two hours. She said to him: "It was just fate that brought us together, wasn't it?"

"No," said he with decision, "fate had nothing whatever to do with it. By George, I watched for you as a cat watches for a mouse."

"Now you have caught me I hope I am not to share a similar fate," and Bessie smiled. "But," she con-

tinued, "you say you watched for me; what do you mean?"

"Well," he said, "I'll tell you. I was putting the finishing touches on my window, when you first appeared. Now, I know a good article when I see it. Thousands of women come to our place every day and my eyes have grown expert. You were exactly the one for me. I knew it the moment you turned away so quickly. I knew it still more when you ventured one sly look the next day, and I knew it most of all when you went down Davis Street every day for a year, and looked so longingly at our door."

"I did not look longingly at the door, and how did you know that I went down Davis Street?"

"Yes," said her husband, laughing, "you see I know all about it."

"But how do you know?" she persisted.

"Easy enough. That second day I walked out on to the sidewalk after you had gone by and saw you turn into Van Stein's. I waited long enough for you to have bought a dozen hats, but when you did not reappear I concluded that you worked there."

"You ought to have been a detective."

He laughed.

"The next day you were missing, but the day following I saw you again go into Van Stein's. You went every morning. I went to the back of our store, and there through the window I saw you trudging down Davis Street, looking like a little martyr."

"I did not look like a martyr," Bessie protested.

"I'm sure you did, and you never failed to look at our back door. I wanted to come right out and hug you, but I hardly knew how to arrange it. Finally, I could not bear to see you suffer any longer."

"You mean thing," she said pouting.

He threw his head back and laughed heartily, giving her a little unseen pinch.

"Yes," he continued, "I made up my mind that it was time I came to your rescue, and so, when on that snowy morning I saw you struggling along down Davis Street, I came out on purpose to meet you."

"But how did you know I should fall? There now, you see it was fate after all."

"No it wasn't, either, for I knew it was horribly slippery there, for I fell myself on the same spot half an hour before."

Bessie looked at him fondly. "Well," she said, "you certainly did watch me. I wonder if all men are so sly?"

The train stopped, and as they alighted he said, "We are not always such dummies as we look."

Will Miss Ellen F. Coppinger who sent to COMFORT a story entitled "Queen Mab," please send at once her correct address, upon receipt of which she will receive a check for \$25, as the story has been awarded a prize.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR JULY.

Sarah M. Maverick, First Prize.

Nemo Burnet, Second Prize.

Ernest McCann, Third Prize.

Mrs. Franz Milcke, Fourth Prize.

The following conditions will hereafter govern the awarding of cash prizes for Nutsell Stories, and the manuscripts of such writers only as have complied with all these requirements will receive consideration.

All the necessary particulars being here clearly set forth, it will be useless for any one to seek further information or personal favors by addressing the editor, as such letters cannot be answered.

1. Only persons who are regular yearly subscribers to "Comfort" and who send with every manuscript at least two new yearly subscribers (together with 25 cents for each subscriber so sent) may compete for the prizes.

2. All contributions must have the number of words they contain plainly noted thereon in addition to the writer's full name and address with nom de plume if desired; must be written on one side of the paper only, addressed to EDITOR NUTSELL STORY CLUB care of COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

3. All stories must be strictly original with the contributors who may write upon any subject, whether based upon fact, fancy or fiction—of adventure, love, war, peace, of city or country life, or of experiences on land or sea—but no story must contain more than 1,500 or less than 1,000 words.

4. NO MANUSCRIPT WILL BE RETURNED UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES AND COMPETITORS SHOULD THEREFORE RETAIN A COPY OF WHAT THEY SEND.

5. The writer of the best original story will receive \$30 cash; of the second best, \$25 cash; of the third best, \$20 cash and of the fourth best, \$15 cash. Remittances will be sent by check as soon as awards have been made.

"German Syrup"

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\$100.00 IN CASH PRIZES \$100.00

The publishers take pleasure in announcing that in order to increase the common interest in this department, and to develop the inventive power and originality of COMFORT readers, they offer the following Cash prizes:

- 1st. A Cash prize of TWENTY DOLLARS (\$20) will be given for the best original and practical suggestion for use in this department.
- 2nd. A Cash prize of FIFTEEN DOLLARS (\$15) will be given for the second best suggestion in the same line.
- 3rd. A Cash prize of ten dollars (\$10) for the next best.
- 4th. A Cash prize of seven dollars and fifty cents (\$7.50) for the next.
- 5th. A Cash prize of five dollars (\$5) for the next.
- 6th. A Cash prize of three dollars (\$3) for the next.
- 7th. Ten Cash prizes of two dollars (\$2) each for the next ten.
- 8th. Twenty Cash prizes of one dollar (\$1) each for the next twenty, making 36 prizes in all to be given for such suggestion as rank in the above order of merit.

CONDITIONS.

Competitors must be yearly paid-up subscribers to COMFORT; and in addition must send at least one new yearly subscriber, with twenty-five cents, the price of one year's subscription to COMFORT for each new subscriber so sent.

Letters must be received before September first; and awards will be published in the October issue.

Letters must be written plainly on one side of the paper only.

Letters must be short, plain, explicit and contain no superfluous words.

No manuscript will be returned.

Descriptions may cover fancy articles, gifts for old and young, designs in drawn-work, embroidery, etc. Only such patterns of knitting and crocheting will be considered as are of exceptional merit and originality. Designs for internal and external decorations of the house may be entered in the contest, or suggestions on any topic contributing to home comfort or individual happiness. Illustrations of articles suggested, when possible, will add to the value of letters. Designs or suggestions must be absolutely original with the writer, never having appeared in print before, and not copied from books or other sources.

No communication will be considered that is not sufficiently stamped, and accompanied by the writer's full name and address.

The conditions are fully given here and consequently no letters of inquiry or of a personal nature will be answered.

Articles will be judged on merit alone.

Competition positively closes September first.

The publishers reserve the right to use any suggestions submitted which may not be awarded a prize.

All communications must be fully prepaid and addressed to BUSY BEES, Care of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



A window which looks out against a bare wall may be transformed into a thing of beauty by the following plan. Have a box-like shallow wooden frame, which fits, perfectly, the lower sash. It must be fitted on the outside, so that the sash may be raised or lowered. Have a piece of canvas stretched to the flat box, coming close to the edge all round. Have a ventilator put in the upper sash. If you are a skilled artist you can easily complete the work. Otherwise, get a competent person to paint, in oils, a view of summer skies, with a garden in the middle distance, or a broad sweep of open country with mountains and a broad sweep of fields. It will brighten up the window, and make it seem as if the room opened into the scene.

The average housekeeper does not half appreciate the value of screens. They can be used to keep off a draft, to shut off the fierce blaze of an open wood fire, to hide unsightly corners, to shield a "cozy corner," and for a



HOME-MADE SCREENS.

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The average housekeeper does not half appreciate the value of screens. They can be used to keep off a draft, to shut off the fierce blaze of an open wood fire, to hide unsightly corners, to shield a "cozy corner," and for a

dozen other things beside. They need not be expensive, and may be made at home. Any carpenter can make and stain a cheap plain frame, of three or four leaves, joined by hinges, which you can afterwards ebonize or enamel to suit your taste and the material covering it. Art-silks gathered on and tacked across the top and bottom with brass-headed nails, or if silk is too expensive, the cotton printed substitutes, make beautiful screens. One of the prettiest I ever saw was made by an artist. She tacked canvas to the screen frame, which was ebonized. Each leaf was painted differently. One had a stalk of Indian corn with ripe ears glistening among the half-dry leaves. Another had a field of great poppies bending in the wind; the third and prettiest, had simply a tall mullein-stalk in bloom growing out from a pile of stones and bending against a background of blue sky with hazy mountains in the distance. The whole was beautiful; but if any Busy Bee cannot paint, she need not be discouraged. She can exercise her ingenuity in getting up something else that will be unique and original enough to submit for a COMFORT prize.



HANDKERCHIEF CAP.

Many of you have seen the pretty handkerchief caps to be worn about the house while cooking, dusting or doing other light work, such as are given in the cut. I found out the other day how to make them. Take an ordinary embroidered cambric handkerchief. Have it ironed out smooth. Then pinch up the centre into crumpled folds, and fit it to the head. Fasten the folds tightly with needle and thread, and lo! the cap is done. When it is soiled, rip out the stitches, launder, and make it up again as before.

Miss Elizabeth Varian, 23 Evans St., Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, Ohio, offers a very practical suggestion.

"As photograph albums appear to have passed beyond the pale of artistic merit, something must be found to supply the deficiency. This has been supplied in my own case by a box which is both ornamental as well as useful. The material may be purchased at any place where tissue paper outfits are sold, and will cost about fifty cents. The box itself would easily sell for two dollars. You will need one strong, perfect, pasteboard box 10-12 inches in length, 4 inches in height, 7 inches in width, one sheet cotton batting, one yard of French crepe paper, Nile green, and one yard of the same, pink, one yard of rubber stemming, one sheet of plain tissue paper, pink, to be used in making roses for the ornamentation of the box. Secure a lid to the box at one side hinged by a strip of muslin. Cover the box both inside and out with one layer of cotton batting, secured by paste at the corners; cover the outside of the box with the green crepe paper. This must be done with care and neatness, making sure that the grain of the paper runs up and down. The pink paper is used as a lining and contrasts beautifully with the green. Although the selection of these colors is not arbitrary, care should be taken to make them harmonious.

Leave the lining standing an inch above the edge of the box; this may be turned down and pulled out to form a ruffle about the three sides of the box. A cord formed of narrow strips of the two colors twisted together forms a pretty finish for the edge of the lid around the four sides. Fasten securely with paste. Now you are ready for the ornamental part of the work. Two roses and three buds would make a bunch sufficiently large for the top of the box. For a pattern, take the natural rose petal, and cut from the plain pink tissue a great number of them. For a foundation upon which to place the petals there should be a tubular form made of cotton and covered with tissue. Fine wire should be used as a temporary stem, which later may be placed within the rubber stemming. The petals must be curled slightly with a knife, to give them a natural appearance. For the buds, the petals should be placed rather closely together, while for the fuller blown roses they may be spread out. Rose sepals add much to the natural appearance of the flower. If you cannot buy them, they should be made from dark green tissue paper. Place the bunch of roses upon the lid and fasten by sewing through the lid with narrow ribbon."

I am sure the pictured faces of your friends ought to be more pleasing than ever, looking out from such a box.



DRAWN-WORK HANDKERCHIEF.

Sadie Hall Peck, of Guilford, Conn., sends directions for a very pretty and easily made handkerchief. "Hemstitch a square the desired size for center of linen or lawn and fold the hem for the outside. Sew it nicely over and over stitch, cutting it an inch larger than outside of center piece. For border, crochet 3 slip stitches, 3 sc, turn, 1 ss, knot in knot, 2 ss, k in k, turn and continue until you come to corner, laying lace around handkerchief; fill in to fit nicely, and repeat at all corners. Sew the outside piece, doubled, over and over to the insertion, which should also be over-handed to the center. Number 50 cotton is good for a medium quality and 100 for very fine work. These are beautiful made in white, or dainty colored silk.

Isadora Clark, Box 78, Elliott, Iowa, wants to tell the Bees how to make some nice elastics. "Take eight small brass rings for each elastic and crochet a covering of embroidery silk around them. To do this use a wire crochet needle. Put the needle through the ring and draw the thread through, then wrap the thread around this loop. Put the needle through the

ring again, and so on until the ring is covered. Cut off the thread, leaving an end four or five inches long. Any color can be used. A pretty combination would be to cover the rings in black, and after they are all covered, join one to the other with the short thread that was left on each, using a common needle to sew them together. After they are all joined, find how large the elastic should be and take the necessary amount of black rubber elastic and buttonhole-stitch the ends to each end of the rings. Take a half yard of number 3 yellow ribbon for each elastic, fasten at each end, to the outside rings, cut in two in the middle and weave in and out through the rings till the centre is reached. Then tie a double bow-knot. The rings are the front part of the elastic and the rubber passes behind. They will be found both pretty and cool."

Did you ever hear that yellow garters bring luck, or that if put on Easter morning and worn throughout the year—no matter how shabby they get!—the wearer, if she be an unmarried woman, will certainly become engaged before another Easter rolls around? Some women wear one black and one yellow garter, on account of another old tradition, which says that your garters mustn't be mates if you want good luck.

The same Busy Bee sends us, also, a very practical design of a homemade bookcase, which is so simple and easy of construction that almost anyone can make it.

"Get the blacksmith to weld a burr on to one end of four quarter-inch rods, 60 inches long. Have a thread cut on the other end about two inches, with nuts to fit, so that you can tighten them up as much as you like. Take six one-half inch boards 24 inches long and 8 inches wide; lay them one on top of the other; even, and bore a hole through each corner 1-4 inches from the side and the same distance from the end. On the bottom board, fasten an inch cleat across each end, and to these cleats secure four table castors. Now put the rods through the four holes with the welded end under, by the castors. On these rods slip spools, eight on each rod. The size should be those used for number 20 thread and they should be all the same height."

Put on another board or shelf, and eight more spools on each rod; but the spools this time should be number 36 thread. Then another shelf. Then eight more spools all round, of number 40 thread. Another shelf and another round of eight spools of number 50 thread. Another shelf with number 60 spools, eight on each rod; another shelf with three or four number 60 spools above last shelf, when the nuts must be put on and screwed down tight. Now it is ready for the paint, which may be any color you like. White is the most fashionable color at present and is easily cleaned. You will find this the nicest piece of furniture for the money that you ever had. It can be changed in height by having the rods cut the length you wish. Nail an inch strip in front, on the bottom shelf, the edge just even with the top of the shelf, to hide the castors. It can be easily moved and is a beautiful, convenient article. The one I have described was made by a woman, all but the rods and spools and castors.



HOME-MADE BOOK-CASE.

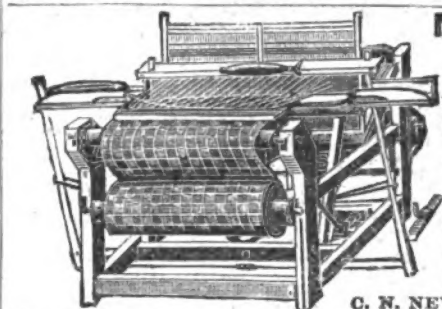
Yes, that very kind. You can buy it at fancy goods stores and furnishing houses, at 30 cents a yard, or at dry-goods houses for 14. There is a finer variety, too, that is extremely beautiful. Mrs. Candace Wheeler of New York, the most noted woman designer in this country, first discovered its artistic capabilities, and now it is used for covering furniture, for table spreads, sofa pillows, portieres, sofa cushions, etc. The ordinary quality should be washed and boiled before using, to make it soft and pliable, and the finer ones, even, are improved by the same process. Embroider with white linen art-thread in Kensington stitch any design you like. Use the wrong side of the goods for the right, turning up the darker, in a hem on the edge, for a finish. Portieres are trimmed on the lighter side with bands of the darker and finished with etched embroidery. There is really no end to the possibilities of blue denim, and it has the advantage of being both artistic and serviceable.

Next month I shall tell you about some of the wonderful things I saw at the World's Fair.

BUSY BEE.

GOOD ADVICE.

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TWO FOURTHS--ONE HALF.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY WM. G. PATTEN.

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"OORAY!" yelled little Jim, bursting into the kitchen like a young cyclone. "To-morrow's the Fourth of July!"

Aunt Nancy dropped her best blue-edged pie-plate and broke it in three pieces. Then she suddenly sank into a chair, threw her apron over her head and burst into tears.

"Oh, Aunt Nancy!" cried the curly-headed boy, in dismay. "I never meant to do it!"

Then he came close and tried to put his little arms about her, while he added: "I'm awfully, awfully sorry!"

To his surprise, she caught him up in her arms, having dropped her apron, and held him in a close embrace, while she nearly smothered him with kisses, murmuring all the while:

"Oh, Jimmy, Jimmy! the years have been so long since you marched away from me forever! But you looked so brave, so manly, so noble! And to think you went 'way down there in the South to die!"

"Why, auntie!" said the puzzled and wondering boy, speaking between her kisses; "I isn't dead!"

She held him from her and looked into his rosy face.

"What have I been saying?" she asked, as if dazed. "Don't mind me, Jimmy boy--don't mind your old aunt!"

"But you isn't old," declared Jim. "You hasn't got any white in your hair, and you're just the handsomest and bestest auntie that never was."

Then she strained him to her heart once more. "God bless you, little Jimmy!" she whispered. "They named you for my dear soldier boy. I trust there'll never be another war, so you will have to march away to death."

"Did you ever have a boy? and was he a soldier?" eagerly questioned the little lad. "You never told me anything 'bout him. Is that what alwus makes you so sad and cryin' when the Forth of July comes?"

The woman did not immediately reply, but she turned her face toward the far-away blue hills that lay piled up against the southern sky, and there was an infinite longing and sadness in her brown eyes. That she had been handsome in her younger days was plainly evident, for the gentle beauty of middle age was still hers.

"Yes," she sighed, at length, "I had a boy once." "And did he love you, Aunt Nancy?"

"With all his heart." "And he wanted off to be a soldier?"

"Yes, dear." "And never come back?"

Aunt Nancy's chin quivered; tears once more filled her eyes. "No," she slowly replied, "he never came back, for he was killed by the enemy. He died on the fourth day of July, and that is why I am always sad that day."

"I'm so sorry!" said little Jim, getting his arms about her neck and putting his plump cheek to hers. "How old was he when he went away?"

"Just twenty-one." "And how old was you, auntie?"

"Eighteen, darling." The boy started back and stared at her wonderingly.

"I don't just fink I understand that," came slowly from his lips. "How could you have a boy that was older then you was, Aunt Nancy? And you wasn't ever married either, was you?"

"No, dear; but I would have been had my boy returned."

Jimmy sat silent and sober, thinking it all over. At length, he said:

"Oh, I guess I knows how it was now! That's what made you never marry. The' isn't any fun for you in the Forth of July. I never knowed before what made you cry then. Now, I'll tell Bessie, and we won't have no Forth at this place this year, auntie."

"God bless you!" she cried, once more. "You are the dearest child! But you musn't spoil your fun for your old aunt. Don't mind me if I do cry, Jimmy dear."

The Fourth of July came. It was a bright day, but all about the farm was quiet as Sunday.

A man came slowly down the dusty road. He was dressed in a faded suit of blue, and an empty sleeve hung at his side. He looked around with wonder in his eyes.

"This is the place," he muttered. "Things look natural. How many years of my life have I wasted--how many years has it been since I forgot my own name and where I was born? It all came back to me at last, and I have returned. Of course she married Dave. I wonder if she is living!"

He paused to look at two children who were sitting in the shadow of some lilac bushes. Back in a little nook amid shrubs and flowers stood a modest cottage. Beside the children were a tiny cannon, two small flags and two large tin trumpets, but the little boy and girl were sitting there quietly, making no noise and looking very sober.

"Hello, trots," said the man with the empty sleeve. "What are you doing?"

The little boy stood up and removed his soldier cap. "Please, sir, we is celebrating the Forth of July," he replied.

"Well, I must say you are celebrating in a quiet fashion."

"Yes, sir. We don't want to make no noise to 'sturb Aunt Nancy."

The man started a bit. Then he came and sat down on a stone beneath the lilacs, taking the rosy-cheeked boy on his knee.

"Is your aunt sick?" he asked. "No, sir; she's just cryin'! She cries every year on the Forth of July."

"That is strange. What is your name, my little man?"

"James Torrey Davis, sir."

Again the man started, and his bearded lips trembled when he put another question:

"What makes your aunt cry on the Forth of July?" "Cause she lost her boy then."

"How large was her boy?"

"He was a man, and auntie says he was brave and noble. He went into the army and was killed; and now auntie cries every Forth of July. Don't she Bessie?"

The little girl nodded, permitting her brother to do the talking. Neither of them noticed the strange look in the face of the one-armed man.

"Last year, when papa was alive," the little fellow went on, "he went down to the village and bought us flags and horns and fire-crackers and candy and lots of fings, and we made the awfulest noise all day long. But now papa is dead and we live with auntie, we don't make any noise, 'cause it makes her think of guns and soldiers, and she cries dreadful."

It was some seconds before the stranger trusted himself to speak, and then it was to ask still another question:

"Was your father's name Abner Davis?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is your aunt married?" He waited breathlessly for the answer.

"No, sir; she never got married, though she said she would had her boy ever come back."

The man lifted his one hand and put it over his eyes. Something seemed choking him. A great sob broke from his heaving breast.

"Is you sick?" cried the little lad, in alarm. But when the man lowered his hand, they saw his face was beaming with joy, even though his eyes were full of tears.

"Where can I find your aunt?" he asked. "Up at the house."

He arose, lifting the little girl to his shoulder, and saying to the boy:

"Come, Jimmy. I would give you my other hand, if I had one."

"Did you lost it in the war?" asked the little lad.

This is the wonderful tale the stranger told Aunt Nancy:

The morning of July 4th, 1863, dawned dismal and drear at Gettysburg. Murkish clouds hung low over Roundtop Mountain and the shadows were dense in the woods which crowned Seminary Hill. The rattle of musketry was no longer heard, the thundering cannons were silent. Two great armies lay watching each other like hawks, yet neither made a move.

The previous day had witnessed Lee's last desperate blow in the offensive. All the morning was spent in preparation, and at noon one hundred and twenty guns began to roar from the crest of Seminary Ridge. At times the ground reeled beneath the terrible shocks. The Union artillery promptly replied, and since the beginning of the world no such bombardment had been witnessed on any battlefield.

At three o'clock the Confederates emerged from the woods on Seminary hill and advanced down its slope, heading straight toward the Union center. In all, 18,000 men charged upon the Northern forces, and they were the very flower of the Southern army. Down the slope and across the plain they swiftly marched in compact order, the determination of death being in their unwavering advance.

From Roundtop to Cemetery Hill the Federal batteries opened on the enemy, but the great gaps plowed in their lines closed up promptly, and still they came on. Doubleday met them so warmly they turned to the left and rushed at Hancock. Standard's Vermonters poured such a terrible fire into Pickett's veteran Virginians that great confusion was caused, and from that moment to the close of the battle disaster after disaster piled upon the Confederates. Everywhere they were swept down, buffeted and repulsed. Before the fire of Hancock's infantry they melted away like a snow-bank beneath the glare of a scorching sun, and they were finally sent streaming back in utter rout and confusion. At every point it was thus, and the coming of night brought to Lee the bitter knowledge of defeat.

In Standard's brigade two enemies fought shoulder to shoulder. They were both young men, and they had been schoolmates amid their green native hills; but both loved the same girl, and this caused them to hate each other. During the battle, they fell, severely wounded.

The next morning found these two young men lying side by side in a hastily improvised hospital.

They minded not the wretched weather; they heeded not the heavy rain that began to fall during the day. One was twisting and groaning in agony, while the other seemed to watch him, with a look of evil satisfaction on his face. At length, the latter spoke:

"Jim," he called, "the surgeon says you'll have to lose your right arm."

The other ground his strong teeth.

"And you will go back to her a whole man!"

"Is that what you are thinking of? Yes, the bullet went clean through, and they say I am not hard hit at all."

"It will not be difficult for her to choose between a man with two good hands and a poor wretch with only one--and that one the left."

"Oh, as for that, she has made her choice already."

"What do you mean?" He lifted himself and glared across at the other.

"Just what I say, Jim. You never had any chance with her."

"She has promised to become my wife as soon as I return."

"You lie!"

"You lie!" repeated the other. "Do you think so?" and the speaker fumbled in his pocket. "Just read this letter."

A paper was passed across, and with the shaking fingers of his left hand, the sorely wounded soldier opened it. What he read caused him to sink back with a bitter groan and lie there motionless.

The surgeons came along with their bloody instruments.

"We'll have to take off this man's arm," said one.

The other looked down at the bloodless face and shook his head, observing:

"No job here; he's dead."

They passed on to the next.

But they were mistaken, for the soldier was in a swoon, and an hour later, he revived to find his rival gone. His arm was amputated successfully, but fever seized upon him, and he was left with the rest of the wounded when Meade pursued Lee's retreating army.

It was thought he would surely die, but he survived, even though he had forgotten his own name and all the particulars of his past life. In the official report, his name was placed on the list of those killed. After the war, he lived in the West until, all of a sudden, memory returned to him, and he came back to his Vermont home and the one he loved.

And so the one-armed soldier proved to be Aunt Nancy's "boy" whom she supposed dead. From her lips, he learned the letter Dave Baxter had shown him was a rank forgery.

Great was the rejoicing in that little Vermont home that glad Fourth of July. James Torrey could not wait longer; he said he had waited long enough. A minister was summoned and a ceremony that bound together two loving hearts long parted was performed. Neighbors were there, and there was a feast and much rejoicing.

In the evening, the fireworks spluttered and the fire-crackers popped and little Jim yelled himself hoarse. The old soldier with the empty sleeve stood with his spare arm about Aunt Nancy's waist.

"What a glorious day it is!" he softly said. "This will always be a day of celebration for us."

"It is not much like this day of the month twenty-six years ago," she replied, snuggling close to him. "What a difference in the two Fourths!"

"Two fourths make a half, you know," was his laughing retort. "And you are the half--my better half!"

"Hooray!" yelled little Jim, as a neighbor touched off a rocket, which went sizzling up into the sky where the stars were twinkling. "Hooray for the Forth of July! Hooray for Aunt Nancy and Uncle Jim!"

IT GAVE THEM NEW LIFE! THEY ARE STRONG AND HAPPY NOW! HERE IS WHAT THEY SAY:

New York, Schenectady.—The well-known policeman, Geo. P. Turnbull, says he was afflicted with stomach trouble for five years. He received no benefit from all the remedies he tried, but now feels better than he has for many years, and recommends it to all as an excellent remedy.

New York, Waterport.—Oxien cured my son of fits. It acts like a miracle. MRS. J. BATES.

Idaho, Mason.—I took the scarlet fever last winter, and, although I am 67 years old, Oxien saved my life. I took nothing else. I owe my life to this wonderful food. I can't do without it, and have sold lots of it right here at home. MRS. E. BENDURE.

Canada, Deep Brook, N. S.—Oxien has done wonders for me and my little baby, who was covered from head to foot with red blotches. He also had them on his tongue. He was cured with one tablet. I enclose \$1.00 for another box. I would not be without it for the world. MRS. OLIVE WHITNEY.

Illinois, Pennington Point.—People who saw me one year ago, confined to my bed for months and given up by doctors, say they can scarcely believe their eyes, but they cannot help seeing what a wonderful medicine Oxien is. I will gladly accept an agency, and I herewith send \$10.00 for a supply. INEZ HARLAN.

Kentucky, Paintsville.—After being treated by a dozen of the most eminent doctors for what they called catarrh of the lungs, liver, and kidneys, inflammatory rheumatism and nervous debility, without benefit, I tried Oxien. From the first day of its use I improved and have not been confined to my bed since; while before I was sick almost more than half the time. You may publish this testimony. JOHN R. AKERS.

Georgia, Atlanta.—MRS. MARGARET CHANDLER writes that she has received great benefit from using Oxien. She was run down from overwork, and it has given her new vigor. She recommends all to try it.



Utah, Deseret.—Last spring I was attacked by hemorrhage of the lungs, and on the fourth morning I was given up to die. The doctor told me no medicine could save me. I concluded to try Oxien, but after taking but two tablets my trouble stopped and has not returned since. I think it the most powerful remedy for the different diseases I ever knew. It will break up and cure any of the diseases I have ever tried it for. E. D. GIBBS.

Louisiana, Farmersville.—I was greatly afflicted with heart trouble and could find no relief. I had two or three sinking spells which left me very weak, but after trying your wonderful Food for the Nerves, have not been troubled at all. MRS. A. E. COVINGTON.

Virginia, Pocahontas.—I lost the use of my right arm from the effects of rheumatism, but your wonderful Food for the Nerves has worked like magic in restoring it to use. I am now as well as I have ever been. HETTIE HUGHES.

New York, Diana Station.—My daughter was sick for one year and a half, and three of our most skillful doctors did not do so much good as one box of Oxien. I can tell of other wonderful cures here. One man had an abscess on his face which the doctor said would terminate in a cancer. One box of Oxien cured him. The abscess on his face has entirely disappeared, and he is again able to work and sleep well. A. M. SAMSON.

Iowa, Eldon.—Two boxes of Oxien cured me of chronic rheumatism. I also know of other cures. J. E. HOUGHAND, Pension Claim Att'y.

Indian Territory, Cornish, Picking Co.—I have suffered for years with spinal affliction and nervous prostration. Oxien has completely cured me. MRS. ANNIE REED. T. I. REED also says that after suffering for six months from the effects of a gripe, Oxien gave him strength, and he is now well and happy, the doctors failing to relieve him at all.

I, Stanley K. Hawkins, of Augusta, Maine, hereby certify that I am in the employ of the Grant Oxien Co. of said city, and that the letters, testimonials, and endorsements regarding Oxien published in this paper are genuine and that they are true copies of the originals received by the said company, and I certify further that thousands of similar voluntary endorsements are being received by said Grant Oxien Co. from all parts of the United States. Stanley K. Hawkins.



State of Maine, Kennebec ss. May 17, 1893.
Personally appeared the aforesaid Stanley K. Hawkins and made oath that the above statement by him signed is true.
Before me
Judge of the Municipal Court, Augusta, Maine.

Indian Territory, Cornish.—I have been an invalid for the past ten years, having suffered untold agony with dyspepsia, catarrh, and heart trouble. For about a year I could not lay on my left side, and the doctors and different kinds of medicines gave me no relief. After taking Oxien I immediately felt much better. I can now sleep, and am gaining strength every day. LUCY A. DAVIS.

Wisconsin, New Richmond.—My son, who was insane for over two years, is entirely cured. He has taken two boxes of Oxien and is now considered cured by the superintendent of the Insane Asylum. He has been at home for some time now, and is well and happy. CHAS. CLARK.

Ill., Clay City, Clay Co.—For two years I was not able to do any work whatever. Thanks be to Oxien, I can now do all my own work. The doctors gave me no relief from my stomach trouble and chills, but your wonderful Food for the Nerves has completely cured me. CAROLINE HESLTON.

Pennsylvania, Tryonville.—I suffered for eight years with what doctors called chronic inflammation of the stomach. I could not eat meat of any kind, could not sleep an hour for months until I tried Oxien. I can now eat what I please, sleep with so much comfort that I feel it my duty to make my grateful acknowledgment to this Wonderful Food for the Nerves. MRS. DAVID TITUS.

Nebraska, Wilber, Saline Co.—MRS. EMMA WICKHAM says that she has received great benefit from Oxien. It has also cured her boy from the tobacco habit, and given her father strength.

New York, Schenectady.—I have been troubled with neuralgia of the heart and throat trouble for years past. Oxien has completely cured me and I feel like a new man. All my friends are surprised at my recovery. I know that Oxien is a God-send to the sick and suffering, and am anxious to have everyone know of its wonderful cures. S. G. FORD, Auctioneer, Ellis House.

Every box of Oxien is sold under the certificate of the late City Physician of Augusta, Maine; and the proprietors have the Official Endorsement of the Mayor, Postmaster, City Solicitor, Presidents of the Common Council, and Aldermen, etc., etc. The genuine Food for the Nerves, Oxien, is sold only in boxes costing thirty-five cents each, and in Giant Boxes (more than three times as large), costing one dollar each, and every tablet has the word "Oxien" (our lawful trade-mark) stamped upon it.

Kansas, Axtell.—I feel like shouting praises for Oxien. I had a severe pain in my head which made me feel sick all over. I was nearly crazed all the time. I tried everything, but could not obtain relief until Oxien was offered me by your agent here. I now feel like a new person. It certainly does more than you claim for it. MRS. MARY A. HEIGHT.

Michigan, Burnip's Corners.—My mother was in so critical a condition from lung trouble that she seemed paralyzed. She doctored with eleven physicians from New York and this state, and spent a good many hundred dollars for medicine without permanent relief. She then tried Oxien and improved from the very first dose. Her trouble is gone, her appetite good, she is gaining strength daily, and what more could I ask for 35 cents? J. W. MORRISON.

Massachusetts, Athol.—I have used Oxien for sick headache and found it an excellent remedy. Enclosed find 35 cents, for which send another box by return mail. WILMOT EVERETT.

Write us at once for facts about the Wonderful Food for the Nerves, Oxien. It is not a stimulant; not a medicine; not a dangerous drug, but the only genuine Food for the Nerves, Blood, and Brain ever discovered. It gives new vigor; new strength; new life to the weak, weary, and debilitated.

Agents are making fortunes at home selling this wonderful discovery. Write promptly or telegraph and secure your territory before some one gets ahead of you.

THE GIANT OXIE COMPANY,
BOX 126, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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The foreign buildings are by no means the least interesting. They are beautifully fitted up, although no exhibits are made in them, as they are merely used as headquarters for the nations they represent, the same as our own State Buildings. The first country to send any-

Then there is the queer little Javanese village with its quaint little houses and the odd little wind-mill of the Pacific Islands whirling in the Chicago breeze, and trying to tell which way the wind blows—which is generally all ways at once. And there is the Dahomey village nearly opposite, and the Liberian, and the Laplander's; and an "old street in Vienna," where, behind very European walls you may

Of course there are minor expenses—many of them; but you can easily avoid many that are set down as necessary. You may board near by.



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Address: COMFORT Box B, Augusta, Maine



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You

ARE all familiar with the oft-quoted saying, "None so blind as those that will not see." The ostrich hides his head in a hole and thinks he is a very wise bird. There are, unfortunately, a large number of housekeepers just like the ostrich; they hide their heads, and blind their eyes, and they won't see, and you can't make them see that there are any ways better than those their mothers and grandmothers had before them. They keep on in the old ruts, the machinery of their households creaking and groaning along on rusty wheels, and refuse to learn anything new. Let us hope none of the readers of COMFORT are among their number.

To get up to the top of any career, whether it be keeping house, or carrying on a trade or a profession, one must be on the look-out continually for new ideas. The world progresses, and those who are not ever on the alert to progress with it are left way behind and drop out, ignominious failures.

We must bear this in mind, too, that it is not always from those whom we believe to be most capable of giving us advice that we get new ideas; we are likely to find them anywhere, and alas for us if we are too blind, too stupid, or too obstinate to accept them when they come in our way.

I was sweeping a room one day in the very early days of my housekeeping when a neighbor came in to call. I received her where I was, and as she glanced at the partially swept floor she said:

"I would like to give you an idea about sweeping, if you won't be offended."

"I should be delighted to hear it," I answered, readily.

"Don't wait until your carpet is all swept over before taking up the dirt, but take it up just as fast as you have collected a little pile of dust. It saves dragging the dirt about all over the room, and you will have less dust."

I saw at once the wisdom of this suggestion and adopted it as one valuable household idea, unexpectedly gained.

It is astonishing how stupid how untrained servant girls are about using a broom, and how hard it is to teach them differently. Their one idea seems to be to dig into the carpet with main strength and then fling the broom up into the air, sending clouds of dirt and dust all over the room with every stroke of the broom. It never seems to occur to them, either, to turn the broom and give it equal wear on both sides. After they have used a broom in this manner a few weeks it is spoiled, being jagged, one-sided, and having lost all its softness and flexibility.

I have laid down a few rules for my housemaid to follow which are surely simple enough if she chooses to give them a little thought: Take short strokes with the broom and keep it close to the floor. Turn the broom, first using one side, then the other, to give it equal wear. Do not dig the broom into the carpet, but sweep lightly, which will remove the dust more thoroughly than hard sweeping. Take up the dirt often. Go over the room lightly a second time after the dust has settled with a damp broom, or a cloth wrung out in salt and water. Remember that the dust settles on the carpet as well as on the furniture. Use a corn broom for woolen carpets, but a soft brush broom for matting and wood floors. A carpet sweeper, if it is a good one, is an excellent thing, but where one is used the carpet should be swept occasionally with a broom also.

To all housekeepers I would say, however, from my own experience, get rid of carpets as fast as you can and use rugs instead. Have a stained or painted border about two feet wide all around the room, use a large rug for the centre and little door mats at the doors, then rejoice in freedom from moths and buffalo bugs, which love to congregate around the edges of carpets; rejoice when house cleaning time comes and there are no tacks to pull—house-cleaning loses one-half its terrors when there are no carpets to come up; rejoice when you are moving to a new house and have no carpets to fit into impossible places. Oh, the comfort and beauty of rugs! Who can overstate it? Not I who have tried the experiment.

The best substitute for carpets is the Japanese matting recently illustrated in our Busy Bee Department. Nothing equals this for the summer months; and in winter it can be covered with home-made rag carpet or braided rugs, or if something finer is desired, heavy art-squares in artistic designs can now be bought, in size 12 by 9, for \$15.00. A Smyrna of that size costs from \$35.00 to \$50.00 according to the quality. The Byzantine and the Japanese rugs come in prices between these, and the real Oriental rugs can seldom be bought less than \$100.00 in a large size. Whatever sort of rug you buy it is wise to get the best quality in that kind. A first quality in an art-square is more desirable than a cheap Smyrna. But I am, perhaps, getting a little away from my subject. I hasten back to my place.

Show me the woman who will sweep and dust a room properly, without too much fuss and confusion you a good housekeeper. All housekeepers should have a set of cotton or cheap calico coverings for the beds, sofas, and stuffed easy chairs, also one to hang over the book-case if it has not glass doors. They should have soft dust cloths of old silk, saten, and cheese cloth, and a long handled wall-brush which

has fine, soft bristles on the end as well as on one side. A very good wall-brush like that seen in the illustration can be bought for \$1.50. The pictures, the window panes, and the shades need careful dusting every week, but are sometimes neglected by the careless housekeeper. Indeed it is a work of time thoroughly to sweep and dust a room, but a little brushing up and dusting every day makes the weekly sweeping a much lighter task, just as the careful housekeeper who keeps things neat as she goes along, conquers the bugbear, annual house-cleaning.

In the long summer mornings often a part of the sweeping can be done before breakfast in the cool of the day, and wise is that woman who is on hand to do it. Better to rise early, get ahead with the work, then lie down and rest later in the day than to leave all the work to be hurried through when the day is at the hottest. I am a believer in early rising. "He who rises late may trot all day and not have overtaken his business at night," said Benjamin Franklin; and Dean Swift declared that he "never knew any man come to greatness or eminence who lay in bed of a morning."



BASKET FOR SERVING EGGS.

And this brings me around to where I left off last month—the morning meal, one of the most important considerations of the day, since there is nothing like getting a good start, and beginning the day in comfortable, cheerful fashion. I beg of you, mothers, wives, sisters, try your best to make this morning meal delightful to body and to mind as well.

I told you last month how to make some delicious short cake, and muffins. If you haven't tried them pray do so speedily, and if you haven't tried them yet it will pay you to send for the paper containing it. Now I want to suggest some other breakfast dishes; and first let me say a word about eggs. A French cook has said that eggs may be prepared in five hundred different ways. That seems a large statement when we consider that there are but six ways commonly in use, namely—boiling, frying, poaching, baking, scrambling, and omelet, and, furthermore, that even in these simple ways of cooking eggs it is the exception to find a hotel, boarding-house, or restaurant where they are perfectly cooked.

Take, for instance, boiling. How few women there are who know how to boil an egg so that it will be creamy and delicious all through. Most cooks adhere to the old fashion of plunging an egg into fast boiling water and letting it boil two minutes, or five, as it is wanted "soft" or "hard." The result may be a soft yolk, but never a soft, creamy white. A soft boiled egg that is cooked in boiling hot water in a tin vessel or a bowl, then set back on the stove where the water *can't* boil for from six to nine minutes, according to the amount of heat under it, is incomparably more delicious. It is impossible for me to give the time to a minute, that every housekeeper can find out for herself after one or two experiments. On the back of my own stove six minutes is sufficient when the fire is hot.

There is a very convenient arrangement for cooking eggs in this way called an "egg coddler." This has compartments in it for the eggs, and will hold eight, ten, or twelve eggs. It stands on short legs, opens like a box at the top, and has handles to lift it by. The price in block tin is \$1.50.

A brass egg boiler for boiling eggs on the table is a very decorative affair, and makes a handsome addition to a breakfast equipage. It holds from three to eight eggs, has a little alcohol lamp under it, and costs \$4.00. In silver plate the cost is \$8.00.

A hard boiled egg should be cooked until the yolk is powder, not clammy, as it usually is, and the same method should be used in cooking it as for the soft boiled egg, keeping it in the water at least twenty minutes, and some cooks say half an hour.

A novel and pleasing way of serving boiled eggs is in a shallow basket with a handle. Line it with cotton batting and a pretty shade of China silk. Stuff it so as to make compartments egg-size—four or six to a basket. Wind the handle with ribbon to match the silk, tie small bows here and there. When the eggs are boiled, dry them off quickly and slip them into the little nests in the basket. They will keep hot a long time, and will form quite an attractive feature of the breakfast table.

Baked eggs make a little variety and are easily done. Butter the bottom of a shallow baking tin and place in it as many muffin rings as you have eggs to cook. Break the eggs one at a time in a cup and gently slide them into the muffin rings. Bake until the whites are set.

Cold boiled eggs left from breakfast when hard may be made more palatable, and can be used for the children's school lunch, by cutting them in halves, taking out the yolk, rubbing it fine, mixing it with a few fine bread crumbs, melted butter, salt, and red pepper to make a relishing taste, and again replace within the white part of the egg. This is sometimes called "Devilled Egg," and when served on the table they may be stood on one end, by cutting off the point of the egg, and garnished with finely shred lettuce, parsley, or water cress.

A very delicious way of cooking eggs that we never tire of in our family is a Bread Crumb Omelet. The rule is a simple one: Soak one small cup of bread crumbs over night in one cup of sweet milk. In the morning beat three eggs, the yolks and whites separately. Add the yolks and a little salt to the bread crumbs and milk, then the whites. Beat all lightly together—it should be very light and foamy—pour into a shallow spider or frying pan in which is

about a tablespoonful of melted butter, fry a delicate brown, fold one side over the other in the pan, and serve at once. It should be folded almost as soon as it begins to set in order to have it light and foamy inside. It ruins an omelet to let it cook until it is dry and solid.

A Potato Omelet may be made by substituting for the bread crumbs one cup of cold mashed potato, and using the same number of eggs as the above with one-half cup of milk. This can be baked, if preferred, in a well-buttered baking dish of earthen ware in which it must be served upon the table as soon as taken from the oven.

A Veal Omelet may be made with three cups of finely chopped veal, one cup of bread crumbs, one cup of milk, two eggs, and salt and pepper to taste. This may also be baked if preferred. A meat and potato omelet is made with two cups of mashed potato, two cups of meat chopped fine, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two eggs well beaten, and one cup of milk. Season to taste and bake in a buttered dish in a quick oven.

All these are very appetizing dishes, particularly for hot weather, and but little trouble to prepare. It is only in families where the income is a large one that beefsteak and chops ought to be a regular feature of the morning meal. In families where there is any necessity for economy the one who plans the meals and does the marketing has absolutely no right to indulge in those luxuries which are beyond the yearly income, and it is wholly unnecessary to do so if the mistress of the house will take a little pains to study up relishing and nourishing dishes at moderate cost. People in moderate circumstances as a rule spend too much on the table. Expensive cuts of meat are undoubtedly more delicious, and easier to prepare. It is very pleasant to have them; and even so it is very pleasant to keep a carriage, and to go away on delightful summer trips, and to have a handsome house and furniture; but the important point to consider is whether or not we can afford to live in this manner, and what the end of it is going to be. I hold it to be the first duty of a husband and wife to provide for their future. However small the income is a family should live within it, and if they think they cannot do this the way is not to over-run it, but to manage in some way to earn more money.

As I said last month, it helps out the meals amazingly to have a variety of good bread, biscuits, and muffins. Graham and brown bread contain much more nourishment than white bread, and where these are commonly used less meat is required. I intend in some future number to give a variety of excellent recipes for both these sorts of bread.

There are also very dainty and delicate griddle cakes which are agreeable additions to breakfast. Buckwheat and Indian cakes are more suitable for cold weather, but at this season of the year rice, green corn, and berries all make delicious cakes. A very delicate "Rice Griddle Cake" is made as follows:

One cup of soft-boiled rice, one cup of milk, one cup of flour into which one teaspoonful of baking powder and one tablespoonful of salt have been well mixed, two eggs beaten very light, the yolks and whites separately. Fry in small cakes on a hot griddle. Eat with butter and sugar, with maple syrup, or with syrup.

For serving syrup or molasses the patent non-dripping syrup pitcher is almost a necessity. It costs little and can be bought in silver plate, or in china ware, and is both ornamental and useful. The nose being inside the pitcher there is no drip on the tablecloth.

Green Corn Griddle Cakes are something everybody enjoys in summer, and this is the recipe: Two cups of grated corn, two tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, three eggs, a tablespoonful of melted butter, and flour enough to make the corn hold together. Salt to the taste. Try a little of the batter first to see if it is thick enough, if not add more flour. Beat the batter every time before taking it out the pan.

Another recipe for Corn Griddle Cakes is one pint of grated sweet corn, one teaspoonful of salt, one beaten egg, one tablespoonful of milk, one tablespoonful of melted butter, and two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour with a saltspoonful of baking powder. Drop little cakes on a hot griddle and fry brown.

But I must not monopolize any more space to-day. I fear I have already overstepped my bounds. I hope, however, that I shall be inclining toward house-keeping to greater vigilance, and renewed endeavors after perfection, which we should all aim after in whatever sphere we are placed.

OLIVE MORTON.



FROM HEAD TO FOOT
you feel the good that's done by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It purifies the blood. And through the blood, it cleanses, repairs, and invigorates the whole system. In recovering from "La Grippe," or in convalescence from pneumonia, fevers, or other wasting diseases, nothing can equal it as an appetizing, restorative tonic to build up needed flesh and strength. It rouses every organ into natural action, promotes all the bodily functions, and restores health and vigor.

For every disease that comes from a torpid liver or impure blood, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, and the most stubborn Skin, Scalp, or Scrofulous affections, the "Discovery" is the only remedy so certain that it can be guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back.

For a perfect and permanent cure for Catarrh, take Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Its proprietors offer \$500 reward for an incurable case of Catarrh.



Agents Wanted, RICHARDSON MFG. CO., Cst., Bath, N.Y.

DELICATE CAKE.
Easily removed without breaking. Perfection Tins require no greasing. We send 2 tins by mail for 50 cts. or 45 cts. Write for Circulars to Agents.

SAVE MONEY
\$150 Top Buggy... \$75.00
\$100 Top Buggy... \$52.50
\$85 Top Buggy... \$40.00
\$35 Spring Wagon... \$13.50
\$10 Single Harness... \$5.25
\$25 Team Harness... \$14.50
\$16 Top Saddle... \$8.25
ALL GOODS FULLY WARRANTED and shipped anywhere to anyone at WHOLESALE prices, with privilege to examine. We are headquarters for Buggies, Carts, Phaetons, Express Wagons, Harness, Saddles, etc. Send at once for free catalogue, CASH BUYERS' UNION, 358 W. Van Buren St., Bk. 48, Chicago, Ill.

DRUNKENNESS is a disease. It can be cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific. It can be given without the knowledge of the patient, if desired, in coffee, tea or articles of food. Cures guaranteed. Send for circulars. **GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O.** The Only Cure. Beware of Imitators.

ECONOMY

IS WEALTH. CANVASSERS wanted to sell the "NEW MODEL HALL TYPEWRITER." Why will people buy a \$100 machine when \$50 will purchase a better one. Send for illustrated catalogue and terms to county agents. Address: S. TYPEWRITER CO., Boston, Mass.

LADIES! If you desire a transparent, CLEAR, FRESH complexion, FREE from blemish, roughness, coarseness, redness, freckles or pimples use DR. CAMPBELL'S SAFE ABSORBENT COMPLEXION WAFERS. These wonderful wafers have the effect of enlarging, increasing and filling out any shrunken, shrivelled or undeveloped parts. Price, by mail, \$1, 6 Boxes, \$5. Depot, 218 5th Ave., New York, and all Druggists.

GEN. AGENT WANTED

In each County to appoint Sub-Agents and sell our 15 useful household articles. Exclusive territory. Our Agents make \$100 to \$200 a month. Lady Agents are very successful. Farmers and their wives make \$200 to \$400 during winter. Are you out of work? In debt? Or in need of money? Then here is your chance. First-class, good selling articles and big profits. Send us your address on a postal card for catalogue and wholesale price list. Address: **LAKE ERIE MFG. CO., 245 E. 18th St., ERIE, PA.**

Pinless Clothes Line

WANTED—Salesmen to handle our Celebrated **Pinless Clothes Line**; the only line ever invented that will hold clothes without pins; the harder the wind blows the firmer the clothes are held on the line; also our Famous **Fountain Ink Eraser**; the only Eraser in existence that will not deface the paper; it works like a fountain pen, erases ink and other stains instantly. These articles are a perfect success and go like wildfire, having a sale in all parts of the world. We give a very large per cent. on one agent's sales were \$538 in one week, another \$162 in one day. Agents wanting exclusive territory must secure it at once. On receipt of \$50 we will mail sample of either or sample of both for \$1, with price-lists and terms. **PINLESS CLOTHES LINE CO., No. 121 Hermon Street, Worcester, Mass.**

ONE DOLLAR

and thirty two cents buys a regular \$30.00 Gold Filled Watch Examination Free. Strange as it may seem this is a genuine gold filled stem wind hunting case, either gents or ladies \$200, beautifully engraved by hand and guaranteed to wear for 20 years. The movement is a very fine stem wind, jeweled nickel American, warranted an accurate time keeper. We don't want a cent in advance. On this advertisement out and send to us if you want the watch sent to your nearest express office C.O.D. subject to examination. If found satisfactory pay the balance \$1.32 otherwise don't pay a cent. To advertise—we sell more watches and cheaper than any other house on earth. This watch retails for \$30 the work is a thousand times more accurate than any watch now set out of our most wonderful factory. Order to-day. Costs nothing to order, nothing to examine. Watch costs \$1.32. R.H. Mowry & Co., Germania Life Bldg., St. Paul, Minn. MENTION COMFORT.

THE NEW PETITE LAMP CHIMNEY STOVE.

THIS is a very useful device (made of brass) for adjusting on the top of an ordinary lamp chimney, for cooking purposes. It is readily adjustable to any chimney. It will readily support any ordinary metal plate, or pan, or dipper, in which to do the boiling or cooking. For many purposes this Lamp Chimney Stove is far superior and a thousand times more convenient than an expensive oil or vapor stove. For the Dining Room in Summer, shops and offices, it is unsurpassed. For the Sick Room it is indispensable.

And Only Look at the Price,

10 cents each, carefully boxed, and postage paid. Or 20 for a dollar, which is just 5 cents each, and delivered free, either by mail or express, to agents. You only need sell four out of your 20, to get your money back. All you sell of the other sixteen, will be clear gain to you. You cannot do better than invest a dollar.

IN USE ON THE CHIMNEY. No such a useful article was ever offered before at such a ridiculously low price.

COMFORT, 3 months on trial and sample stove only 10 cents. COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

REMNANTS FOR CRAZY PATCHWORK

SADIE'S SILKEN SHOWER OF SATIN SAMPLES
ART in needlework is on the advance. We know this ladies delight in odd pieces of silk and satin,—"CRAZY QUILT" making is VERY popular. We are sure we have a bargain that all ladies will now delight in. Bright handsome, diamond-shaped, and pretty colored goods accumulate very fast at all NECKTIE FACTORIES for years have been burdened and over-run with remnants of many RICH goods. We have thousands of pieces of silk and satin on hand which we are going to give you in a big trade-off. People at a distance have hard times getting the right assortment to make their pillow, quilts, etc., and we can help you out now. We are going to dispose of this immense lot RIGHT OFF. Our packages contain from 50 to 100 pieces of the best quality assorted goods, and we want to get a lot introduced into every home; when you can order as you like for your friends, and MAKE MONEY doing our work and helping yourself also. Remember these pieces are carefully trimmed, and especially adapted to all sorts of fancy art, and needle work. Many ladies sell tidies, fancy pillows, etc., at a great price made from these remnants. But we know if you order ONE lot we will sell many to you locally, to make this liberal offer. Three lots for \$50, five for \$100. **BEST WAY.** We send one of the above complete assorted lots FREE to all who send 25 cents for 6 months subscription to "COMFORT," the best Home Monthly now published, or if you send for more than one lot as above, "COMFORT" goes for one year.

COMFORT PUB. CO., Box 120, Augusta, Maine.

BETTER YET. To all answering this ad. before 30 days we will also send 6 pieces of elegant PLUSH FREE. The next



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JAVANESE LADY.

Now, children of the COMFORT Circle, just imagine you are in Chicago, and I will take you to the World's Fair. Suppose we go by the steamboat line from the business part of the city. You know the Fair Ground is seven miles south of the heart of Chicago, and we have a choice of railway trains, cable cars or the steamboats. The last is the best way, though, for it gives you a ride on the edge of Lake Michigan. Look in your geographies to-morrow and see just where we go.

"What are all those white buildings out in front of us, Uncle Charlie?"

Tommy, as the World's Fair is called. See, now we get nearer and are coming up to the long pier in front of a great white building with a big dome. Let us get off and walk up to the entrance.

Here we are. This is a turn-stile, and only one can get through at a time, while the man at the side turns it around. Once inside we go past the Casino and Music Hall and right up to the Main Building, which is built for the Manufacturers and Liberal Arts. This is the largest of all, being from three to fifty times as big as the others.

Why, you know how large a piece of ground it takes to play base ball on, boys? Well, now listen. If all the Base Ball Clubs in the National League were here to-day, they could all play matched games in the Main Building at once, and still have room to spare for making home runs.

It is the largest building ever erected in the world. It is 1,687 feet long and 787 feet wide. It took five car-loads of nails and three million feet of lumber to make the floor alone. You look astonished, Johnnie, but what will you think when I say this floor covers forty-four acres?

Big enough for a comfortable farm isn't it? We can only go across one end of it to-day, for want of time.

We cannot see down to the other entrance, it is so far. Look at all the beautiful things; china, glass-ware, jewelry, furs, stuffed animals, furniture, mirrors, clocks, watches, and, indeed, everything that is manufactured can be seen here, coming from all the countries in the world. And in the center is an elevator that takes us to the top of this immense building, where we can see all over the grounds.

"How large are the grounds, Uncle Charlie?"

They cover 613 square acres, and it only takes 640 to make a square mile, you know. But come, we must be going. We will come out by this door, which opens on to the lagoon or lake.

"O, see those beautiful little boats."

Those are gondolas, Jennie, such as they use in Venice. We will get into one, and have the queer, foreign boatman row us around the lagoon, which winds in and out among all the principal buildings. Over there are the Electrical and the Mines Buildings. Beyond is the



GONDOLAS.

Transportation Building, where you can see all the different vehicles that were ever made, from the first cart or wheel-barrow down to the finest railway-trains of to-day. You can see George Stephenson's engine, President Madison's coach, an Eskimo sledge, an East Indian sedan chair, a Japanese jinrikishaw, or an African palanquin. And you can see beautiful victorias and landaus and phaetons and dog-carts of to-day.

Now look on the other side as we glide along. Do you see this imposing white dome? This is the Government Building. It has exhibits from all the government departments at Washington, and a great many historical relics besides. The original Declaration of Independence, enclosed in a carefully guarded glass case, is here. It was brought from Washington, with other priceless papers, in a steel chest, in a special car. The beautiful and costly presents given to General Grant on his trip around the world are here; also stuffed animals of all kinds, and a great quantity of Indian relics would interest you too, if we had time to stop.

But we must pass on to the Fisheries Building. Here you find everything that lives in sea, lake or river. In a circular building 135 feet in diameter is the largest and most complete aquarium ever seen.

Don't you know what an aquarium is, Florence? Why, it is a great glass tank filled with water, in which fish can live and swim about. Grandma's little bowl of gold-fish is one, on a small scale. This one contains several thousand gallons of water in each tank. The tanks containing marine fish are filled with salt water. How do you suppose they get it?

Make it? O, no, nobody can make real salt water. It is brought by rail from Wood's Holl, on the Atlantic Coast, 1,200 miles away. It is evaporated first to about one-fifth of its bulk, then shipped in big tanks. In Chicago, Lake Michigan water is added to make it of the proper density again. Now we are going under one of the pretty arched bridges that go over

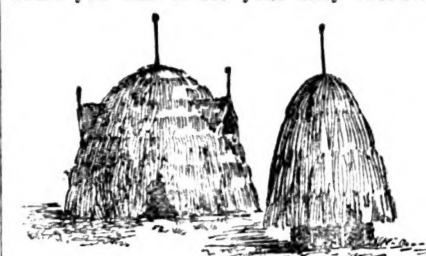
the Lagoon, and are passing the foreign buildings. See, they are labeled, Nicaragua, Brazil, Germany, Spain, Guatemala, Norway, France, Ceylon and so on. These are the headquarters for each of the different countries, which have exhibits in the thirteen large buildings of the Fair.

This beautiful long building with the statue on top is the Art Building with many of the most beautiful paintings in the world inside; and right across the lagoon are the state buildings.

I wish we had time to get out and run over to the Iowa Building. It is often called the "corn-palace." A great hall fills one end of it which

looks, inside, as if it were tiled, or built of mosaic work. But when you look closer you see that it is entirely of corn. Not only the furnishings of the room, but the whole room itself is built of it. Ears of corn, half-ears, and sections; red, yellow and white, yes, even black corn is used to make a beautiful design all over the sides and top. Pictures of cows, calves, ships, and a man ploughing, are on the arched ceiling, and it is all done with corn. It is well worth visiting and studying. Illinois has the largest state building and California comes next. In the North Dakota Building is a bed quilt made by Anne, Queen of Scots. In the Pennsylvania Building stands the old Liberty bell that first rang out the independence of this country. Away over in the corner is the Eskimo village.

Now we are passing the Woman's Building, which contains many things to interest your mothers, and a good restaurant on the top floor. Just beyond is the children's building, where all sorts of toys are kept to amuse children. Little children can be left here while their mothers go about to see the Fair. How would you like to see your baby checked?



SOUDANESE HUTS.

Well, that is just what they do. Supposing you were allowed to bring little Willie here, and he being so small, bothered you so you could not see much of the Fair? You would bring him to the children's building. A nurse would take him, fasten a check on his clothing, and give you the duplicate, exactly as the baggage-master checks your trunk. Then you would go away, and Willie would stay behind, amusing himself with blocks, books, rocking-horses, etc.; and when you came back you would present your check, claim your baby and go home!

We must stop a moment at the Horticultural Building. Did you ever see so many flowers and palms? Step in to this wing and look at the piles of oranges, and that great arch as high as a house made of them. These are all from California. And there are apples, pears, grapes and all kinds of fruit, both preserved and fresh, from all the western states. Isn't it hard work to keep our hands off?

But the time is passing, and we haven't even looked towards the Midway Plaisance, which is, to children, much the most interesting part of the Fair. It is off to one side instead of being in the middle as the name indicates. You see this long walk with queer looking houses on each side? This is it, and foreigners from all over the world are here with their native wares displayed in buildings just like those they have at home.

Here are some glass-works, where they are making vases, cups, and all sorts of things. Let us come in. Here is a great furnace in the center of the room. Men are poking long iron bars inside its doors, and taking out great red-hot lumps of something.

What is it? Why, it is melted glass. See them run to those moulds. Look at this man. He drops his hot glass into an open mould, and another man shuts it quickly together and holds it so a minute. Now he opens the mould and takes out—what? A little, thin, red glass mug, handle and all! The first man seizes it and runs away. He is going to set it in a hot oven, and let it cool gradually, so not to break it. After that a man up-stairs will take it to an emery-wheel and write "World's Fair" on it. Let us take some of these home as presents and souvenirs. That other man is making a colored glass vase. See him roll his molten glass into oblong shape, and then blow out the inside. Now he takes some large shears and cuts off the top, and after rolling and twisting it a little more he has one of those bronze colored vases with a red top like your mother's.

Come up-stairs. See that man spinning glass into fine white threads. Over here is a small loom, and this girl is weaving the glass thread into cloth with a fine silk warp.

"What do they do with it?" Look over in that show-case and see those beautiful lamp

shades and cushions and glove-cases. Those are all made of woven glass. We haven't time to stay here any longer. Let us go into this Japanese house.

"O, Uncle Charlie, see those lovely teacups."

Yes, and look over in that corner at those carved ivory images. And see what the Japanese children play with! Here are spiders six inches across; great green frogs; skeletons; butterflies; dolls of all kinds. See the fireworks and balloons. And here are dogs and owls and goslings; and, O, watch that toy-rooster feeding himself! I reckon the Japanese children have plenty to amuse themselves with.

Now we must go on again.

"What are those queer looking houses, Uncle?"

That is the Javanese village, children. The Island of Java is situated in the Pacific Ocean where it is always warm, so they only have those palm leaf houses, with large piazzas. See their queer little wind-mills, made of reeds. Really, their houses are very pretty, made of different colored reeds and strips of palm woven like matting. I can see by Johnnie's looks that he intends to make a weather-vane like that when he gets home.

Just beyond here are some Soudanese huts. Look on your maps of Africa and find Soudan. These poor natives look as if they found this a pretty cold world. O, there is the Soudanese baby! He is only eighteen months old; and see him dance! He is earning many a quarter for his parents by his grotesque little steps. How would you like to live in a hut like that?

Here is a gaily dressed Egyptian girl with a basket of flowers. What does she say?

"Buy flowers, Ta-ra-ra-boom!"

I don't wonder you laugh, boys. But a good many of these foreigners cannot speak a word of English, and that sentence, which they have heard sung ever since they landed in America, is the first phrase they have picked up.

What is the big, gaily colored building opposite? O, that is Hagenbeck's wonderful trained animal's show. He is from Germany and has caught and trained beasts from African jungles to perform the most curious tricks. He has never struck them a blow or treated them with anything but kindness; but they obey him in everything, and are as tame as kittens.

Dear me! Look at the clock. Our time is up. We shall have to go home now; but we will surely come here the first thing next month. Ned, don't you let me forget to tell you all about those wonderful animals.

UNCLE CHARLIE.

WORLD'S FAIR ITEMS.

The Fair has cost already, \$33,243,930.55.

A travelling sidewalk is a curiosity of the Fair. 620,000 people attended the opening exercises May First.

The Krupp gun exhibit has cost nearly a million dollars.

Cars on the sliding railway run at a speed of 100 miles an hour.

"Midway Plaisance" means the middle pleasure-ground.

The California section has a tower of oranges 30 feet high.

The national museum sent from Washington six car-loads of exhibits.

The Government Patent building shows 100 cases of entirely new models.

There are \$50,000 worth of flags floating over the Columbian Exposition.

Thirty million admission tickets were contracted for and are being made.

Among other novel exhibits on the Midway Plaisance is an ostrich farm.

The U. S. Government Building is modelled after the Capitol at Washington.

Twenty-five hundred uniformed men constitute the guard at the Fair Grounds.

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A Boston bunting firm gave to the Fair six of the largest flags ever seen. They are 60 feet long and 40 wide, and display the stars and stripes.

The new State of Washington is going to provide for "water melon day" in September, by sending twenty car loads of that succulent fruit.

By way of comparison, the post-office department exhibits a modern railway postal-car, and a figure of an Indian on snow shoes, carrying a mail-sack.

Painting machines which paint or kalsomine as fast as twenty men with brushes, have been of great service in the construction of the larger buildings.

Austria's exhibit was finished first. It includes a remarkable display of Bohemian and other glass-ware, leather goods, and beautiful house-decorations.

Drinking water thoroughly filtered and toilet-rooms are free to all visitors at the Fair. Mineral water is sold at 1 cent a glass. There are 1,500 free toilet-rooms.

Sea water is almost as expensive in Chicago as beer. It is used for keeping salt-water fish in tanks, and is carefully prevented from wasting. 70,000 gallons are in constant use.

President Cleveland is variously known among the foreigners at the Fair as sultan, caliph, pasha, rajah, akhond, khedive, emir, hey, negus, nawab, nizam, khan, sheik and vizier of the United States.

Among Indian curiosities of the Exposition, are a Winnebago mat-house, an Omaha sod-house, a Sioux buffalo-hide tepee, totem-poles from Vancouver and an Iroquois birch-bark canoe.

Seventy Javanese have a village in the Plaisance. Their huts are of bamboo poles and palm leaves, thatched with the native grass of Java. The Javanese dancing girls attract much attention.

The half-dollar price of admission admits to everything in the Fair grounds, except the Turkish Theatre, the Egyptian Temple, the Cairo street, the Japanese village, and the wonderful exhibition of trained animals.

JAVANESE HOUSE AND WIND-MILL.

Just beyond here are some Soudanese huts. Look on your maps of Africa and find Soudan. These poor natives look as if they found this a pretty cold world. O, there is the Soudanese baby! He is only eighteen months old; and see him dance! He is earning many a quarter for his parents by his grotesque little steps. How would you like to live in a hut like that?

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Seventy Javanese have a village in the Plaisance. Their huts are of bamboo poles and palm leaves, thatched with the native grass of Java. The Javanese dancing girls attract much attention.

The half-dollar price of admission admits to everything in the Fair grounds, except the Turkish Theatre, the Egyptian Temple, the Cairo street, the Japanese village, and the wonderful exhibition of trained animals.

JAVANESE HOUSE AND WIND-MILL.

Just beyond here are some Soudanese huts. Look on your maps of Africa and find Soudan. These poor natives look as if they found this a pretty cold world. O, there is the Soudanese baby! He is only eighteen months old; and see him dance! He is earning many a quarter for his parents by his grotesque little steps. How would you like to live in a hut like that?

Here is a gaily dressed Egyptian girl with a basket of flowers. What does she say?

"Buy flowers, Ta-ra-ra-boom!"

I don't wonder you laugh, boys. But a good many of these foreigners cannot speak a word of English, and that sentence, which they have heard sung ever since they landed in America, is the first phrase they have picked up.

What is the big, gaily colored building opposite? O, that is Hagenbeck's wonderful trained animal's show. He is from Germany and has caught and trained beasts from African jungles to perform the most curious tricks. He has never struck them a blow or treated them with anything but kindness; but they obey him in everything, and are as tame as kittens.

Dear me! Look at the clock. Our time is up. We shall have to go home now; but we will surely come here the first thing next month. Ned, don't you let me forget to tell you all about those wonderful animals.

UNCLE CHARLIE.

WORLD'S FAIR ITEMS.

The Fair has cost already, \$33,243,930.55.

A travelling sidewalk is a curiosity of the Fair. 620,000 people attended the opening exercises May First.

The Krupp gun exhibit has cost nearly a million dollars.

Cars on the sliding railway run at a speed of 100 miles an hour.

"Midway Plaisance" means the middle pleasure-ground.

The California section has a tower of oranges 30 feet high.

The national museum sent from Washington six car-loads of exhibits.

The Government Patent building shows 100 cases of entirely new models.

There are \$50,000 worth of flags floating over the Columbian Exposition.

Thirty million admission tickets were contracted for and are being made.

Among other novel exhibits on the Midway Plaisance is an ostrich farm.

The U. S. Government Building is modelled after the Capitol at Washington.

Twenty-five hundred uniformed men constitute the guard at the Fair Grounds.

President Cleveland's first impressions of the Fair—"Grand, marvellous, incomparable."

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The ruby is the lucky stone for July. It is
said to be able to discover poison and cure all
troubles springing from the unkindness of
friends.

Don't fail to try for one or more of the splen-
did cash prizes offered by COMFORT and about
which full particulars appear elsewhere in
this issue.

The lucky days for July are said to be the
4th, 5th, 6th, 9th, 10th, 15th, 19th, 21st, 25th;
while the unlucky ones are set down as the
3rd, 7th, 11th, 17th, 20th, 22nd, 27th, 28th and
30th.

All the readers of COMFORT will feel a deep
interest in the article in this issue entitled,
"Fair Notes by One of the Fair Sex." It is by
COMFORT's accomplished special correspond-
ent, Miss Helen M. Winslow, who, during her
visit to Chicago, collected material for her
series of articles for COMFORT, and was honored
by the Women's Congress, then in session, be-
fore whom she read a very interesting paper.
Miss Winslow, who is a shrewd observer, will
contribute to the next issue of COMFORT an
article prepared especially for women, and
which will give some account of the Women's
Congress. Readers of COMFORT are sure to ap-
preciate the efforts which the publishers of the
paper have made to give them the best in-
formation possible in regard to the Columbian
Fair.

With the chance of a cholera scare, a chance
that goes hand in hand with summer in the
minds of timid people, it is not out of place to
give the readers of COMFORT a hint or two.
Don't get frightened whatever you do. A ner-
vous mind invites disaster. Keep cool and
keep clean. Be regular and sensible in all
matters of diet, avoiding green fruits and iced
drinks, most especially ice-water. In fact, be
sensible; that is within the power of everyone.
But if you do feel ill, especially if you have
symptoms of stomach or bowel troubles, attend
to it at once. It is well, as a precaution, to keep
the Sun Cholera cure always at hand, and by this
time the simple formula for that must be
known to all readers of COMFORT, as it has
several times been published in its columns.
In the meantime, as an encouragement, remem-
ber that being a fairly clean country, cholera is
little likely to strike us, but don't remember it
to the extent of being careless.

The death of Edwin Booth is felt all over this
country as a personal loss. No actor was more
extensively known, or so deeply loved as he
was. He was an honor to the profession he
adopted and the last example of a school of
acting that virtually dies with him. From his
birth to his grave he seemed marked as a
special target for disaster. His childhood was
sad, his early professional years unprofitable,
his married life, which started out so happily,
cut short by the death of his wife before she
was twenty-two years old. But as some com-
pensation the public loved him doubly for the
grief that he bore, and when to all other sor-
rows cruel chance led his younger brother to
assassinate Lincoln and throw a nation into
terror, the grief that prostrated the popular
actor aroused the chivalrous regard of even
the mourners. From that day the nation
seemed to feel for the actor an even tenderer
love than ever. Booth's generosity was pro-
verbial. No actor in this country ever felt
such a duty toward his profession as he did.
No fellow-actor ever went to him for aid and
failed to receive it, while many a manager has
been saved from ruin by his unsolicited assist-
ance. Yet no one ever heard of these things
from him. He did not wait for death to will
his money to his fellow-actors. He generously
provided them with a refuge in the way of one
of the finest clubs in the world, and he did it
while he could see the result, and be associated
with it. No amount of success, of adulation, of
financial prosperity could ever put a barrier
between him and his fellow-actors as it has
done in the case of so many other great stars.
He was first and always an actor, and he im-
pressed that fact upon the world by associating
his entire existence with them. His life was as
gentle as it was sad. A loyal gentleman, true
citizen, great artist, and generous friend, none
but loving thoughts followed him to his grave
where he rests beside his young wife whose

loss saddened his whole life. The world looks
in vain for his successor.

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

As the children wave their Fourth of July
flags, it is well to remind them of a holiday
just passed which will be forever linked by
the stars and stripes to the greater national
celebration.

The best way to make children remember and
respect a date, is to red-letter the day in their
calendar of school-going, by making it a holi-
day.

June 14 has already been so under-lined.
More than half the cities in the Union have
made it a play-day for school children.

It is the day that marks the birth of the star-
spangled banner.

We are a nation made from many nations,
but we have but one flag. All who live under
it should be taught to forget all other banners,
to know no allegiance save for the red, white
and blue emblem which since June 14, 1777, has
been the rallying point for all the States.

The history of this flag is very interesting.
Every reader of COMFORT should be familiar
with it.

Early in June, 1777, a committee was ap-
pointed to present designs for a national flag,
and although little is now known in regard to
this committee it is certain that John Adams,
the stern old Massachusetts Puritan, was the
leading spirit.

On the 14th of the month, the committee
recommended: "That the flag of the thirteen
United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red
and white; that the union be thirteen stars,
white in a blue field, representing a new con-
stellation."

This was unanimously accepted. The thir-
teen stripes represented the original States,
and red and white was chosen for their color as
making a striking combination easily seen and
recognized at a distance. The thirteen stars in
the Union were arranged in a circle, that ap-
propriate form being the symbol of eternity.

The flag was first floated September 3rd of the
same year when bold Paul Jones, the first great
naval hero the States ever had, ran it up at
mast head of the brig "Ranger," when he pre-
pared to put out to sea and terrorize the
British merchant ships. It was first flown on
land a little later during the campaign which
resulted in Howe's capture of Philadelphia.

The banner remained unchanged in appear-
ance until 1816, when a committee suggested the
propriety of making some alterations in it.
Capt. Reid, a famous naval hero, advocated the
addition of a star for each new State, and this
new regulation, approved by President Monroe,
went into effect in 1818.

It is the habit of life that to which we
become accustomed fails to impress us, but it
should be the duty of every loyal mother in the
land, and of every conscientious teacher to
make sure that the school children understand
why the 14th of June has been made a play-day
for them; so that "the star-spangled banner"
shall mean something more to them than the
name of a popular song. It may be that the
red, white and blue banner will never again be
seen through the smoke of battle, leading the
brave men of the nation to death, but, neverthe-
less, as it "floats o'er the land of the free and
the home of the brave," no child who enjoys
the peace and plenty that have been won under
it in the past, should ever be able to view it
with indifference.

A correspondent intimates that one of the prize
stories in the June number of COMFORT, was not
original. With a view to determining the truth of
this claim, we offer a cash prize of \$10 to any one who
will furnish satisfactory proof that COMFORT readers
have been imposed upon. On receipt of such evi-
dence the fraud will be promptly exposed in these
columns.

EDITOR COMFORT:—Your paper enjoys the rare
distinction of going into more homes than any other
periodical in America, and, for ought I know, in the
world. That is something of which any editor might
well be proud. The fact of its immense circulation
surely speaks volumes for its popularity, and it must
be a great favorite in more than a million homes.
In these homes are many thousands of the brightest
young people of our public schools, and it is from
among these—both boys and girls, between the ages
of 13 and 21—that the delegates are selected for the
World's Youth's Congress which is to be held in
Chicago, July 17 and 18 next, under the auspices of
the World's Congress Auxiliary of the Columbian
Exposition.

Delegates will be present from every country on
earth, and an appointment as one of these delegates
will be the greatest honor ever conferred upon any
American youth.

I am sure the young readers of a paper like COM-
FORT must have ambition to be and to become some-
thing entirely worthy themselves, their opportunities,
and their country; and if you will permit me to do so
through your columns, I will say to them that I
should be very much pleased, as Secretary of the
Committee in charge of this Congress, to send them the
official notification of their appointment as delegates.
All they will have to do, doubtless, to be nominated
is to call the attention of their teacher to the fact
that all schools are invited to nominate delegates.
We desire the nominations to come through the
teachers as a guarantee that our delegates are
worthy the honor thus bestowed upon them.

Some of the most eminent men and women in
America are on the program of exercises for this
Congress, and we expect a goodly number from
abroad. Young people therefore who are privileged
to attend this unique gathering will not soon forget
what they there see and hear, and even if they can-
not attend, their appointment will be something of
which they need never blush to speak.

It is proposed, too, to hold a "home session" of this
Congress on Discovery Day—Oct. 21st next, in all the
schools of America, at which those who attended the
sessions at Chicago will be invited to report some of
the things they saw and heard; and here let me say
that schools could do no better than to interest them-
selves in being represented at Chicago to the extent
of either giving an entertainment to raise funds to
defray the expenses of their delegate, or else cir-
culating a subscription.

One of the greatest things to be accomplished dur-
ing the sessions of this Congress is the organization
of a World's Youth's Association for the accomplish-
ment of international patriotism, peace and fraterni-
zation. This Congress presents the supreme occa-
sion for the inauguration of such a movement, as
there will then be present delegates from all foreign
lands and also leading men and women from those
countries, so that it would start off with the utmost

echat and circumstance. There is not a reader of COM-
FORT but will desire to become a member.

It is to be hoped that all who read this will im-
mediately see that their schools are represented in the
Congress by a delegate. Let no time before the
17th of July be thought too late to make the appoint-
ments, and let there be no hesitancy for fear those
appointed cannot attend. The honor will be theirs
whether they attend or not.

F. FREDERICK BLISS,
Secretary of Committee, World's Youth Congress,
Chicago, Ill.

Tramp Cats and Vagrant Dogs.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY HELEN M. WINSLOW.

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NE man may not like
cats, and another one
may not like dogs, but
it is a strange person
who does not like one or
the other.

There is an unique in-
stitution near Boston,
known as The Ellen M.
Gifford Sheltering Home
for Animals. The title
explains the place; ex-
cept that, so far, the
beneficiaries have been
mostly cats and dogs.

A little more than ten
years ago, Mrs. Gifford, a very wealthy woman of
New Haven, Connecticut, became impressed with
the suffering that animals endure in great cities, and
determined to devote a portion of her money to its
alleviation.

She went out into the Boston suburb known as the
Brighton District, and purchased several acres of
land. On this she built a quaint little brick house for
the superintendent. Back of this is a "dog-house"
accommodating fifty or seventy-five canines. It is a
long, low structure, with a central passage-way, on
each side of which are little compartments, each con-
stituting a private kennel. The main passage-way
leads into the large yard enclosed by a high fence,
where the dogs are let loose at certain hours for ex-
ercise.

Not far away is the "cat-house," built on a similar
plan, except that instead of kennels there are shelves
where each cat can have a separate bed. Pussy, too,
has a large yard, with a very high wire-netting fence,
up which she can crawl but cannot get over. Inside
are several posts and dead trees with the bark left
on, which the cats can climb up on and sharpen their
claws.

Of course, the cats and dogs never come together,
so that they do not "lead a cat and dog's life."

"Where do these animals come from?"

They are all strays. It is not a boarding place for
pets. It is a "sheltering home" for sick and friend-
less animals. Strange as it may seem, there are
many people who call themselves tender-hearted,
who will go away on a vacation, or perhaps move
from a neighborhood and leave their cat behind to
shift for itself; or, about the time for the assessor's
annual visit, will turn their dogs loose and abandon
them, especially in the case of females, on which the
tax is five dollars a year. Others still, who have
superfluous puppies or kittens, will carry them into
strange localities and leave them to shift for them-
selves—perhaps to starve.

In crowded cities it is almost impossible for these
animals to forage for themselves, and the abandoned
creatures lead a hard life, or else die. In Boston,
most people know about the Sheltering Home, and
homeless animals are pretty sure to be sent by some
kind-hearted person to that haven of refuge. Stray
cats must be boxed up and sent by express, prepaid;



but in the cases of dogs, the super-
intendent, if notified, drives in and
gets the new applicant for admission
into his strange family.

The home shelters a hundred cats,
on an average, and fifty or sixty dogs.

The cats are kept on milk, with an occa-
sional bone. The institution keeps a cow, but not
even the greatest milker in the land could keep
100 cats a day, and the monthly milk-bill of the Home
is something remarkable. The dogs are fed on a
substantial broth of soup bones, with bread broken
up in it, and are also allowed to gnaw the bones.
Each dog is fed in his own kennel, so that he knows
his own quarters and seeks them when he comes in-
doors.

The cats, however, are fed together, and have no
chosen shelf of their own, each going to the place she
fancies for the moment.

A visit to the Sheltering Home is most interesting
to a lover of animals. It is not a noisy place, as one
might think. Cats are proverbially quiet. When
the dogs occasionally break out into loud barking and
confusion, Mr. Perkins, the superintendent, goes out
into the yard, picks out the leader in the mutiny;
and taking him by the collar, marches him off to his
kennel to endure solitary confinement for a time.
Then the rest quiet down and all goes well again.

There is a little pond on the place, and at times, the
fifty or sixty dogs are turned out of their play-yard
and allowed to run over the place. They inevitably
take a bee-line for the water, jump in and swim
around to their heart's content. When the
superintendent wants to shut them up again, he
blows on a peculiar whistle which he carries, and
every dog trots back to the house, and into his own
kennel.

"How long are these animals given a home here?"
As long as they live, unless some one who can
furnish evidence of kind treatment and a good home,
offers to buy or adopt one of these strays. Seven or
eight dogs a month, and about as many cats, are
given away, although great care is used that none go
into the hands of vivisectors, or become the victims
of other scientific cruelties. Both cats and dogs
seem happy and contented, and look sleek and com-
fortable. No animal is put to death there unless it
has a contagious disease.

Mrs. Gifford died several years ago, leaving large
amounts to many charities. Of course, she endowed
the Sheltering Home which bears her name.

During the past year its work has been extended on
a plan which she formed.

A stable with seven stalls has been built, and pro-
vision is made for old, disabled horses. At present,
there are two of these faithful beasts who patiently
served their masters for many years, and now enjoy
a life of idleness and ease.

There is a home for such horses in London, where
disabled equines may go for recuperation; and, when
restored to health and strength, are exchanged for
others who need the same kind of care. The ladies
who have this Home in charge have a similar plan
but have not yet carried it into complete operation.
Although the Home is endowed, additional funds are
necessary to do this work for horses. A good many
contributions have already been received—the very
first of which was from a dozen little girls who got
up a fair and gave the proceeds—a few dollars—to the
Sheltering Home.

Two quotations are especially appropriate to this
humane institution: "Blessed are the merciful for
they shall obtain mercy," and "A merciful man is
merciful to his beast."

HAPPENINGS HERE AND THERE.

Ex-president Gonzales of Mexico, who died in May,
left his family \$7,000,000.

Two Danbury, Conn., farmers captured a wild cat
four feet long in a trap recently.

John Ruskin has been made poet-laureate of Eng-
land to succeed Lord Tennyson.

The greatest depth in the Atlantic Ocean is near
St. Thomas Island, where it reaches 3,875 fathoms.

15,000,000 feet of logs broke through the boom and
escaped in one day this spring at Williamsport, Pa.

The tallest pillar in the world is the Kutub Minar,
in Delhi, India. It is 250 feet high, and 2,200 years
old.

A terrible cyclone recently struck Cisco, Texas,
demolished 250 buildings, killed 30 people and fatally
injured 10 more.

Stolen jewelry worth \$100,000 was recently recover-
ed in Williamsburg, N. Y., which belongs to the
Count of Flanders.

All trades-unions in England have combined with
the miners, seamen's and firemen's unions for the
mutual protection of the interests of each.

A man was killed by artificial lightning the other
night in Berlin. He was trying to produce a flash of
lightning by electric carbons at a theatre and re-
ceived his death shock.

Blair Irwin is going to walk from Boston to the
World's Fair this summer, dressed in his uniform of
the famous "Light Brigade." He was in the battles
of Lucknow, Balaklava and Sebastopol, and has been
in America thirty years.

A United States Senator recently stopped at a
school-house near his Kansas home, to make inquiry
of the teacher, in regard to certain local affairs. The
school-mistress had just heard that an escaped
lunatic was in the neighborhood, and when she saw
her distinguished visitor she fled through a rear
door, and ran like a deer. When she discovered her
mistake and returned, the Senator had disappeared.

AN ASTHMA CURE AT LAST.

European physicians and medical journals
report a positive cure for Asthma, in the Kola
plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa.
The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New
York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola
Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma,
who send name and address on a postal card.
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OMAHA, NEB., N. Y. Life Bldg.
PORTLAND, ORE., Marquam Opera Bldg.
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ascend the river until warmer weather. When they are ready to fish they lay out their net (which is done by a man in the stern of the boat), then they drift with the tide, rowing at their leisure. The next thing they do is to haul in and examine their nets, which are generally in a tangle and often torn by larger fishes. Sometimes they catch ten and at others hundreds of fish. About April 1st, if the weather is warm, they come up the river, and bring their cabin and boats from the bay to their own village. Placing their cabins on land they live in them, doing their own cooking, and fish within the New Jersey limits. About the middle of April the shad begin to come up the river and then the fishermen go out from shore after them. After each trial their net has to be brought ashore and untangled and dried on long poles. A large boat or steamer stops night and morning at their wharf, and carries the fish to Philadelphia where it is sold on small commission." LEON A. REEVES, Paulsborough, N. J.

Did you ever see a blind child? Is it not comforting to know that they can be taught to read and sew and work? I have seen a blind girl thread and run a sewing machine.

"It is wonderful how the little blind people can find their desks without any trouble. At the time of my visit to the blind asylum the class was reciting English Literature, and the subject was Ben Johnson.

The blind person runs his or her finger along the page and reads the matter through his finger tips. The letters are not printed but are in raised type. The books of the blind are very large, each one about the size of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. I saw 'Tom Brown's School Days' in three volumes. The letters are much larger than ordinary print, and the matter is printed on every other page only. The blind work examples in arithmetic on a little square slate divided into pigeon holes in which are placed type which they can move about. They study geography on raised maps, and each state and country can be taken apart from the rest, so that by the touch they tell the shape of the state or country. They take down dictation on a slip of paper by pricking small holes, and write from right to left. There are in the asylum at Baton Rouge about twenty boys and girls. Some of them are very bright and all show a decided preference for music. Mr. Clark, the professor of music at the asylum, is blind."

WM. HOGAN, 308 Convention St., Baton Rouge, La.

Now I am going to give an extract from a fourteen year old Montana boy's letter. He lives on a big ranch, and enjoys life there very much.

"Father owns a band of sheep, and I herd them every day. I take COMFORT out with me to while away the time. In summer I herd the sheep out on the range and bring them home every night. In winter, when the snow covers the feed on the range, I herd them in father's field, and we feed them hay night and morning. I see lots of rabbits and prairie chickens when I am herding sheep, and once in a while a prairie wolf or coyote. Coyotes are seldom seen in the summer time because they stay in the timber. But just as soon as winter sets in I see them quite often skulking about the fields and among the cattle. These coyotes will not attack a person; at least, I never heard of their doing so, but they will kill young calves and sheep every time they get a good chance. I have to keep a good watch for them. I have two sheep. Their names are Queen and Brownie. They are both dark brown and a small patch on the top of each of their heads is all the white there is on them."

WILLIE P. AMES, Amesville, Beaverhead Co., Mont.

How many have ever heard of Buzzard Roost way down in old Kentucky?

"It is situated on a bluff overlooking the Licking River. The Roost is very picturesque, being densely wooded and with an undergrowth of clinging vines, and wild flowers in profusion in early spring. It derives its name from the countless number of buzzards that nightly throughout the year go home to roost. It is unlawful to kill them, but they are quite a nuisance sometimes, especially the species called carrion crow. The people in the vicinity of the roost have to keep a sharp lookout when they expect the advent of young lambs, pigs and calves. The buzzards frequently destroy whole litters of pigs and one man I know found his young calf with its ham literally torn to pieces while it yet lived. The buzzard makes its nest in a hollow tree, and the young buzzards are beautiful, being perfectly white."

E. B. M. CECCHINI, Petra, Bracken Co., Ky.

I must give an extract from an Oklahoma letter, telling of the time when it was opened as an Indian reservation.

"Oklahoma means 'beautiful land.' The time set for the opening was April 22, 1889, at 12 o'clock, noon. Any man who crossed the border before that time was not allowed to hold a claim. The land was divided into quarter sections. Each man was to ride into the country as fast as he chose, and stop where he liked, unless some other person was there before him. There were thousands of 'boomers,' as we were called, camping on the border. My husband with three comrades mounted their horses shortly before noon, on opening day, and rode down to the river, where thousands were waiting for the signal gun. Taking my two children I climbed up on the wagon seat and watched the wild struggle. Here would plop some poor fellow on foot, eager for a home in Uncle Sam's domain; there a more fortunate brother on a fleet horse, leaving the pedestrian far behind; next a big road wagon, containing perhaps a dozen men, the driver lashing the horses mercilessly. There were road-carts, top-buggies and horses that were hired for \$100 for that day, and even ox carts, with the patient sad-eyed cattle going at a dignified trot in honor of the occasion. All this happened four years ago. Now, on every side are neat farm houses, green wheat fields, thriving orchards and a contented people."

ANDELIA J. SLAGLE, Box 32, Moore, Cleveland Co., Oklahoma.

And now I want to refer the Cousins, one and all, to the Busy Bee column, and the Prize Puzzle Club corner, with their generous prize offers. Every woman and girl is interested in the former, and every member of the family in the other department. Note the conditions carefully, and then, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Every Cousin, too, will enjoy the account of the World's Fair in the children's circle this month. The next thing to being there ourselves is to read about it.

AUNT MINERVA.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Grated raw potatoes is an excellent remedy for burns.

Lime water on the earth around potted plants will dispose of earth-worms.

Fewer drops borax, used in water for bathing purposes, will prevent chafing and chapping.

A large raisin cut open and heated very hot will often relieve an aching tooth if placed around it.

When a child falls and hurts its head, don't let it go to sleep for an hour or two, and you may avoid brain troubles.

For carache mix a very few drops of sweet oil mixed with a like quantity of chloroform and wear a piece of cotton moistened with it in the ear.

Spirits of turpentine is an excellent inhalation in

cases of bronchial or lung affections. A few drops on a handkerchief and held to the nose will often stop a cough.

To drive away cockroaches and water-bugs, put powdered borax in all crevices where they lurk, and sprinkle it on shelves and mouldings. They will never walk over it but once.

Place in a bag of soft flannel five or six inches square, bits of toilet soap for small use, and then use it as a cake of soap. With expensive toilet soap this is a bit of economy not to be despised.

A good complexion mask can easily be made at home by beating the white of an egg to a cream with a little rose-water, and adding one grain each of alum and sweet almond oil. Beat all to a paste and spread on muslin, to be worn over the face at night.

A sand-bag is an excellent thing to have in the house. Make it of strong cotton cloth about ten inches square and fill with fine clean sand. In cases of sickness, toothache or earache, heat it in the oven, as hot as it can be endured, and let the patient lie down and place it against the afflicted part. Salt is sometimes substituted for sand, but is more liable to raise a blister.

To make a fireplace attractive in summer-time, fill it with the pretty dried or crystallized grasses, which are prized by many as mantel decorations in winter. Better still, have a long flat dish filled with water, and a standing vase or pitcher in the center. All through the summer season these can be kept filled with fresh wild flowers, apple blossoms, daisies, golden rod or asters, and will make a bright spot in the room.

COLD FACTS FOR HOT DAYS.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

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VERY one knows how Nature makes ice, but how many of those who know that there is such a thing as artificial ice, realize how generally it is being used in many large cities?

The use of ice is an American fad. Until a few years ago Americans traveling in Europe were almost unable to secure this national beverage, and even now Englishmen who visit America cannot understand the presence on our tables at every meal of the ice bowl as well as the carafe of water.

Originally, artificial ice was experimented with to meet the needs of the warm regions where prepared food could not be kept nor cool drinks secured; but to-day artificial ice has rapidly become the demand of large cities. This is owing to the feeling that sewerage and other impurities are tainting bodies of water where ice is cut, and already many residents in cities like New York and Boston are supplied with artificial ice made by freezing distilled water.

The process of making ice by machinery is an adaptation of the principle that rapid evaporation of any liquid draws the heat from surrounding space.

The first ice freezing machine was invented in 1839 by a Mr. Shaw, and employed, as an evaporating agent, sulphuric acid. The same agent was employed in the Harrison machine of 1856, which, in 1862 was improved by Siebe, who used ether, and whose machine was the first to be of any practical use. Carri invented a machine in 1869 which employed ammonia, as did the Rene machine, made in 1867. But ammonia was so dangerous an agent that it could not meet with favor, until a safe method of employing it was found later.

The Zeller system, which is the one used on ship-board, uses ether as the freezing agent.

A. C. Kirk of Glasgow invented a machine by which a freezing temperature was reached by the agency of compressed atmospheric air, which was liberating it into vacuum pipes, and the heat from which is carried off by currents of water about the pipes.

Nearly all methods up to fifteen years ago, have been too expensive to be profitable.

In the Siebe method ice was produced in thin plates, and in the Carri machine it was produced in cylinders.

A German modification of the Carri machine produced plates of ice at a much reduced expense, but was too expensive to use as the machine costing \$6,000, produced, with hard work, but ten tons a day.

An attempt was made by an American to use naphtha which produced ice at four dollars a ton, but the explosiveness of the agent used made the process too dangerous.

Fluid ammonia is the agent mostly used, and the machine while interesting, is far too elaborate to explain here.

Artificial ice is made in large cakes frozen in rectangular cans, and the method of crystallization goes on in four directions—that is, from each side of the can, instead of simply from the surface as in the natural process where the water is exposed to freezing at but one point.

The method of making artificial ice is employed in many ways. Who has not seen the water carafe in which the ice is solid? This is done in much the same way that ice cream is made—a process familiar to all people.

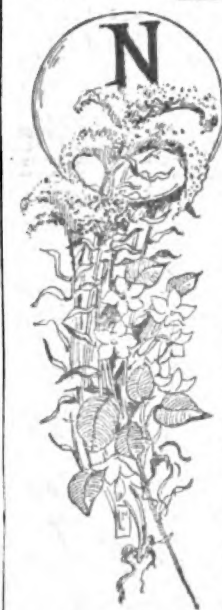
The principle of freezing artificially is employed in many unique ways in the circles where novelty at the feast is practised at any cost. Sometimes beverages are served on receptacles of ice, green salads or fruits in quaint bowls made of ice, and strange drinks in ice decanters; the water in these cases being frozen in moulds.

The excitement in New York over the spreading of typhoid fever by the use of natural ice—since freezing does not destroy the germs of pollution—is slowly resulting in an increased demand for artificial ice everywhere, as all ice made by machinery is made of water which has been boiled—the only way by which microbes can be annihilated.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY HELEN M. WINSLOW.

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EARLY every civilized country in the world has a national flower except America!

France has the lily, England the rose, Scotland the thistle, Germany the Kaiser-blume, Ireland the shamrock, Japan the chrysanthemum, Canada the maple leaf, but America the "land of the free and the home of the brave" has none.

Why is this? Probably because we have been too busy making a nation to find time to select a national emblem. But now that we are one of the great powers of the earth, we might settle on a popular flower, which, by universal suffrage, should be proclaimed our national one.

The matter has been agitated for several years, and a wide discussion has been given the question in some portions of the land. Early in 1888 "Jean Kincaid" in a signed editorial in a Boston newspaper introduced the subject to the public prints. Her article aroused much interest and was taken up quite generally. About the same time, Mrs. Margaret B. Harvey brought the matter up in the San Francisco papers. "Jean Kincaid's" later articles in the Boston and

Pittsburgh and St. Louis publications deepened the interest, and when, a year later, the discussion of a national flower flagged, the art-publishers, L. Prang & Co., revived it by instituting a floral campaign, which is not yet ended. For a trifling tax of a quarter, they send a booklet containing fine lithographs of the leading candidates—the trailing arbutus, the golden-rod, etc.

The purchaser is entitled to a vote, and a great many ballots have been received from prominent people.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes would choose the white water lily.

The beloved "Quaker Post," John G. Whittier, chose first the Mayflower, but changed his vote in favor of the golden-rod.

Prof. D. P. Penhallow of McGill University, advocates the golden-rod, also, giving his reasons (which have weight with many other voters) that this flower is indigenous to all parts of the country; that it is large enough for decorative purposes; that it is graceful and artistic; that it blooms longer than most flowers, and that its rugged and hardy nature makes it a symbolical of the American honest and straightforward nature.

The trailing arbutus has many thousands of advocates. It was the first flower to greet the Plymouth Colony in the spring of 1621, after a long terrible winter of suffering and loss. It brought hope and cheer to their fainting hearts, just as it brings the promise of bright days and summer weather to their myriads of descendants. It is modest, sweet and beautiful. There are two objections to it, however; first, it has already been appropriated as the national emblem of our little neighbor—Nova Scotia; and second, the territory where it grows is comparatively limited.

The last objection does not hold with the golden-rod.

That grows everywhere. The objection to that, however, is that farmers class it as a troublesome weed, although it is not like its more obnoxious brother, the daisy, which spreads itself through the best cultivated lands. The golden-rod contents itself for the most part with the byways and hedges, clustering about fence-corners and hedges.

Miss Edna Dean Procter strongly advocates the maize or Indian corn, and has written a beautiful poem in its favor. Its claims to notice are, that it is a native American. It played an important part in our colonial history, saving the early settlers from starvation and death; and it has been immortalized already by such American poets as Longfellow and Whittier, while its artistic capabilities are endless.

Other candidates for the position of America's national emblem are the pansy, the calla lily, the tiger lily (not natives of America), the laurel, the sunflower, the wild aster, the cotton plant, the wild columbine, the sun-flower, and the orange blossom.

Which shall it be? A national flower ought to be a native of the country which adopts it. Shall we vote for the arbutus, the golden-rod, or the straight, tall Indian Corn?

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

There are 6,000 post-mistresses in this country.

Florence Nightingale is living, at the age of 73. \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year is the income which Mrs. Amelia E. Barr reaps from her novels.

Mrs. Annie Moores of Mt. Pleasant, Texas, is the first woman president of a national bank.

The Tennessee author, Miss Will Allen Dromgoole, was eight years clerk in the Senate of her State.

There are 4,415,000 women wage-earners in France. 8,000 of them are doing an independent business in Paris alone.

While there are 33,712 women in India receiving Christian instruction, over 111,000,000 remain in deepest ignorance.

A girl of sixteen, Kate Levant, drives a daily stage in Berks County, Pa. She manages a four-horse team as skillfully as any man.

Mrs. Candace Wheeler of New York is the most successful woman-designer in this country. The artist, Dora Wheeler Keith, is her daughter.

Professional embalming is a new occupation for women. Miss Kate Smith of Louisville, Ky., has just taken a diploma and is the first to enter the business.

Miss Jessie A. Ackerman is the first woman to put on a diving suit and explore the wonders of the sea. She made the experiment between Australia and Singapore.

A grand-niece of Froebel who originated the Kindergarten system, will explain its principles at the Columbian Exhibition. Her name is Henriette Brayman Schrayder.

The national council of women, which has May Wright Sewall for president, consists of thirteen national organizations, made up of smaller women's clubs, and representing 1,000,000 women.

A Boston teacher is taking her first European trip through the generosity of Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears, the artist wife of a millionaire, who took a \$500 prize in New York last winter for her painting.

Miss Agnes K. Murphy is a successful real estate dealer in New York, although she is but twenty years old. She has been proposed as the first woman member of the New York Real Estate Exchange.

The "Grace Darling of America," Miss Ida Lewis of Newport, R. I., has declined many pressing offers from the World's Fair to exhibit her medals for saving lives. She will, however, exhibit her life-boat.

Miss Mary Heath of New York is the woman who discovered a fortune in making paper dolls for a living. She began in a small way some years ago, and now, with her mother and two sisters, has the largest manufactory owned by women in the country, doing a business of \$30,000 to \$40,000 a year.

The Anthropological Society of Washington has made honorary members of Mrs. Tilly Stevenson, who is studying the ancient Zuni; Miss Alice Fletcher, who works among the North American Indians; Mrs. M. French Sheldon, the African explorer; and Mrs. Anita N. McGee, D.M., daughter of the astronomer.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic and is the best.

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<p>CONTENTS:</p> <p>Ah, how death.</p> <p>Anvil chorus.</p> <p>Ah, my words.</p> <p>A sailor's love.</p> <p>A love song.</p> <p>Annie Laurie.</p> <p>Auld lang syne.</p> <p>Auld Grey Kirk.</p> <p>Alice Gray.</p> <p>Eye and eye.</p> <p>Believe me.</p> <p>Betty Baker.</p> <p>Bryan O' Lynn.</p> <p>Bryan Boru.</p> <p>Bobbie around.</p> <p>Bonnie Doon.</p> <p>Bonnie Dundee.</p> <p>Billy boy.</p> <p>Bygone hours.</p> <p>Eye and eye.</p> <p>Baby mine.</p> <p>Belle Brandon.</p> <p>Beautiful bells.</p> <p>All of the above.</p>	<p>Buy a broom.</p> <p>Bay of Biscay.</p> <p>Bonny boat.</p> <p>Bob up serenely.</p> <p>Blue eyed Mary.</p> <p>Brave Wolfe.</p> <p>Bachelor's fare.</p> <p>Becky's mistake.</p> <p>Canaan.</p> <p>Captain Herrin.</p> <p>Captain Jinks.</p> <p>Captain Megan.</p> <p>Coal black Rose.</p> <p>Crooked lawn.</p> <p>Dearest Mac.</p> <p>Duncan Gray.</p> <p>I saw thee weep.</p> <p>Ding dong bell.</p> <p>Dolly Varden.</p> <p>Dream on.</p> <p>Do not mangle.</p> <p>Dream song.</p> <p>Ever of thee.</p> <p>Farwell, ladies.</p> <p>Flying tresses.</p> <p>All of the above.</p>	<p>First love.</p> <p>Forget me not.</p> <p>Garibaldi hymn.</p> <p>Girls and Boys.</p> <p>Giles Groggins.</p> <p>Glideroy.</p> <p>Green sleeves.</p> <p>Gaffer Grey.</p> <p>Gumbo Chaff.</p> <p>Home so blest.</p> <p>Hull's Victory.</p> <p>Highland Mary.</p> <p>Happy thought.</p> <p>Harvest home.</p> <p>Hail Columbia.</p> <p>Huntress fair.</p> <p>I have riches.</p> <p>I want be a nun.</p> <p>In my cottage.</p> <p>I wish you well.</p> <p>In the starlight.</p> <p>I saw thee weep.</p> <p>In the gloaming.</p> <p>Jolly rafter.</p> <p>Jim along Josie.</p> <p>Jim crack corn.</p> <p>Johnny Sands.</p> <p>Jack Katlin.</p> <p>Juanita.</p> <p>Kilmarney.</p> <p>Kitty Tyrrell.</p> <p>Kathleen Aroon.</p> <p>Last night.</p> <p>Lord Lovell.</p> <p>Lullaby.</p> <p>Little flowers.</p> <p>Lou'siana belle.</p> <p>Lubby Dine.</p> <p>Lucy Neal.</p> <p>Langman's ball.</p> <p>Law.</p> <p>Landward watch.</p> <p>Little Bo-Peep.</p> <p>Lorelei.</p> <p>Love, love, love.</p> <p>Little Harriot.</p> <p>O fair dove.</p> <p>Light and gay.</p> <p>Market chorps.</p>	<p>My country.</p> <p>Miss Winkie.</p> <p>Maggie's secret.</p> <p>My queen.</p> <p>Mollie Mogg.</p> <p>Mollie Bawn.</p> <p>My Annie, O.</p> <p>Mary Morrison.</p> <p>Miniature.</p> <p>Mary Blane.</p> <p>Money musk.</p> <p>None can tell.</p> <p>Maid of Athens.</p> <p>Not married yet.</p> <p>Nell and I.</p> <p>Nancy Lee.</p> <p>Some can tell.</p> <p>O maidens fair.</p> <p>Old Tubal Cain.</p> <p>Old King Cole.</p> <p>O ye tears.</p> <p>Swiss home.</p> <p>Our girl is there.</p> <p>Old Grimes.</p>	<p>Over there.</p> <p>Oh, Mr. Coon.</p> <p>Old Joe.</p> <p>Old Pee Dee.</p> <p>Old King Crow.</p> <p>Oh, Arabela.</p> <p>Poor old maids.</p> <p>Pesky Ike.</p> <p>Paddy Snap.</p> <p>Polly.</p> <p>Rory O'Moore.</p> <p>Robin Adair.</p> <p>Sweet Annie.</p> <p>Reel o' bogie.</p> <p>Ruby.</p> <p>Save the boy.</p> <p>Speak to me.</p> <p>Saul's Agrab.</p> <p>Swiss home.</p> <p>Seventy-two.</p> <p>The blue bird.</p> <p>The parting.</p> <p>The advice.</p> <p>The fairy boy.</p> <p>The Ingleside.</p> <p>The resolve.</p> <p>Tulochgorman.</p> <p>'Tis better so.</p> <p>Thou art mine.</p> <p>The ivy green.</p> <p>The cup of tea.</p> <p>Ten o'clock.</p> <p>The pilot.</p> <p>The poachers.</p> <p>The watchman.</p> <p>Twilight dew.</p> <p>The fisher.</p> <p>The old maid.</p> <p>The bridge.</p> <p>The watermill.</p> <p>Unspoken.</p> <p>W. I. was it.</p> <p>W. I. behold.</p> <p>Ye merry birds.</p>
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Practical Electricity For Boys.

I I.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY H. EDWARD SWIFT.

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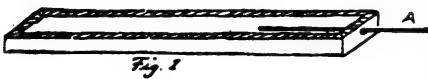
If we only work together in this new department of practical talks we shall find we have a much better idea of some of the things that are going on about us than we ever had before, and I hope you will get others interested and get their subscriptions for COMFORT so they may be benefited too. I would give more for a real live practical boy, than for all the men with theories that ever lived. The theory is well enough in its place, but remember, boys, theory don't get you bread and butter, but practical work does, and if theory and practice are harnessed together with the right kind of a harness, the practical result will be well worth working for.

Well, I suppose your electric bell is about finished and you want the power that will make it ring, so as to put it to practical use.

Did you have any help about it?

No? I am glad you worked it out yourself, and now I will tell you how you can make a battery that will ring your bell loud and clear. A battery usually consists of two or more cups or cells, sometimes one cell is called a cell of battery. There are two distinct kinds of batteries called the open circuit, and the closed circuit. The open circuit battery is usually used for ringing electric bells, and the telephone service; the closed circuit for telegraph work. The cell I am about to describe is a modification of the old Leclanche battery. It is the simplest to make, as well as the most effective in its working, and requires the least care. It is called an open circuit battery because the circuit must be kept open all the time, with the exception of the short time it is in actual use, when the bell is used. If the circuit is kept closed for any length of time, it soon polarizes, and renders the cell worthless. Polarizing means to destroy the effective working of the carbon and the solution. This battery is best adapted for use with electric bells and is most generally used.

In the first place you want one or more ordinary fruit jars, according to the number of cells you intend to make. You all know where to get those; ask mother, she can furnish them. These will make excellent cells. We shall make the elements, or poles of the battery of carbon and zinc. If your nearest town or city has the electric arc lights you can easily get the carbons necessary by picking up the longer pieces that the trimmer throws away when on his daily rounds. They should be as near 6 inches in length as possible. If not procured in this way send to any electric light station and get half a dozen good carbons, and break them exactly in the middle if they are the long size; if the short size, they will be about right. They will cost about two cents each, and should be free from a copper coating. The zincs you can make yourself. Gather up all the scrap sheet zinc you can find and melt it up, and then pour into a square mould made like a long slim box without a cover, of wood. The mould should be about 6 inches long and 3-8 inch square, with a small hole in one end in which to insert a piece of No. 18 copper wire, before pouring the zinc. The wire should be about 10 inches long and should be placed in the mould as in Fig. 1, at A, then when the zinc is poured



the wire will be moulded into the zinc firmly. Make as many as you intend to have cells in your battery. The covers for the cells should be made of soft pine wood 1-2 inch thick, and of a diameter to fit your jars; taper slightly as in Fig. 2, and then bore a 3-8 inch hole in the center for the zinc, cutting it out to fit your square rods just made. Around this center hole and as far away as you can from the center, bore four others as in Fig. 3. These holes must be the size to take the carbons you are to use and will be either 7-16, 1-2 or 5-8 inch in diameter. If the carbons are coated with copper, carefully scrape it off with a knife, leaving perhaps 1-2 an inch at one end. The coating of copper remaining will make a better connection for the wire that will join the carbons together. Place the four carbons in the holes made for them in the cover so that the metal covered end if there is any will project from the top about 1-2 an inch, as in Fig. 4. Then with a piece of bare copper wire make a solid hitch around one of the carbons and then carry the wire to the next carbon, and take a double hitch, and so on until the four carbons are connected as in Fig. 5. Get two or three paraffine candles at the grocers and melt them up in a small tin pan, then dip the cover and the short ends into the melted wax, and see that they get well coated. Keep the paraffine hot and let the cover stand in it until it is well saturated. Treat each cover and set of carbons in this way, and when all are finished your battery is ready to set up for use. You must now have the solution. This is made of Sal Ammoniac and water. The Sal Ammoniac can be obtained of any druggist. Put three ounces of the salt into each jar, and then fill the jar nearly full of water, and stir until all the salt is dissolved.

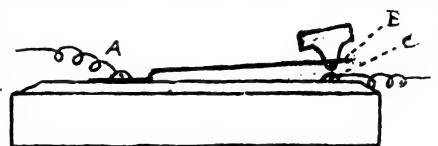


The tops of the jars should be dipped in the hot paraffine to prevent the solution from crawling over and going to waste. Be very careful not to spill the solution over the outside of the jar, as it has a great tendency to want to get out, and if the jar is wet it will soon find its way over the edge. Place the covers with the carbons in the jars and insert the zinc in the center, and see that the zinc does not touch the carbons in the jar, for that would use your battery up in a short time, and destroy its vitality.



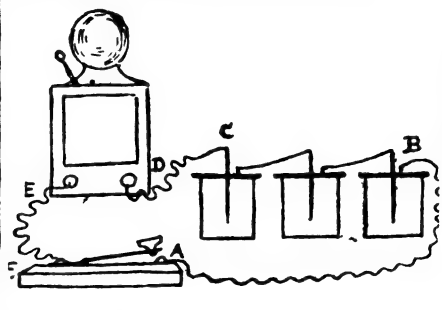
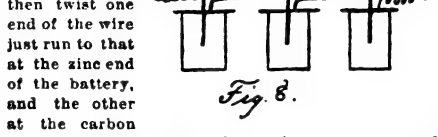
Your battery is now ready for work. We now have

the bell and the battery and to use them you need a circuit closer. A piece of the brass the same thickness as you used for the bell spring will answer the purpose. Cut or file out a piece two inches long and 1-2 an inch wide and make a hole in one end, and two holes in the other, each 1-8 inch in diameter as in Fig. 6. A block of cherry or black walnut 1-2 of an inch thick, 2 1-2 inches long and one inch wide, finished smoothly and shellaced or varnished will make the back piece. Now make a small round button about 5-8 of an inch in diameter, shaped like Fig. 6 1-2, of black walnut or cherry, and fasten it to the spring at A, Fig. 6, with a round headscrew, small size. Assemble your parts as in Fig. 7, putting another round head screw at the point C, Fig. 7, directly under the screw B, so when the knob is pressed the two screws will strike together. Fasten the spring to the base with two screws at A, and bend the spring as shown in the cut. Now you are ready to put your apparatus to practical use. Order of the hardware dealer sufficient wire to run the distance you desire, allowing about twenty-five feet for extra length



This wire should be what is called "Number 18 Annunciator wire," and will run about 180 ft. to a pound, so you can easily figure out what you will need. You will also want about 3 ounces of double pointed tacks. Now you are ready for work.

In the first place decide where you will put the bell, where you wish to call from, and the place for your battery. Select these positions so as to save yourself all the labor you can, and also for the sake of hiding the wire as much as possible. Make two holes through the back of your bell for screws to fasten it to the wall with, and place it in the position you wish with the gong uppermost, and fasten securely. At the point selected for the push button or circuit closer, fasten the one you have made securely with two round head screws. In the cellar or in some closet on a high shelf place the battery, taking care to have it as near as possible to your circuit to save labor and wire. Starting at the circuit closer, run one wire along the wall or moulding over the mopboard, around the room and through the partitions to the bell, and cut the wire, leaving about 10 or 12 inches to spare. Fasten securely with the double pointed tacks, at convenient distances apart. Then start at the same place again and run a wire to your battery in the same manner, and also run a wire from the bell to the battery. The first wire is called the call or bell wire, the second is the battery wire, and the last is the return wire. Scrape off the insulation or cover, for about 3-4 of an inch at each end of your wires and coil the extra length of the ends on a lead pencil to make it look finished. At the circuit closer, put one end under the screw C, Fig. 7, and the other end under one of the screws at A. At the bell put one end under each of the two terminal screws as explained in our first paper. Place your battery in position, say three cells, and with short pieces of wire, 5 inches will be enough, connect them as shown in Fig. 8, from carbon of one cell to the zinc of the next, and then twist one end of the wire just run to that at the zinc end of the battery, and the other at the carbon end. Be sure all points where wires are connected are scraped clean and bare. Your circuit is now complete and is represented by this diagram:



The wire starting at A, runs to the carbon end of the battery at B, through three cells and out at the zinc end at C, to one terminal of the bell D, through the bell as explained in our last paper, coming out at E, and along the bell wire to F, where the circuit is open until it is closed by your finger to ring the bell. We hope you will find no difficulty in this and will soon have your front door bell rung by electricity, and a call to your room to wake you in the morning.

In the next paper I will tell you how to make and use a telegraph instrument, and connect with your friend or neighbor's so that you will be able to talk back and forth. Get all the boys you can into your club of subscribers for COMFORT, as I shall tell you some strange things soon—things that will be worth money to any boy, so don't fail to take advantage of the golden opportunity the publishers of the best home paper in the world have opened up for you.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

Sow onion seed an inch deep.
Peanuts are planted and cultivated like beans.
The Louisiana sugar crop last year reached 189,500 pounds.
Wood ashes, bleached or unbleached make a good compost.
Good barn-yard manure is the best fertilizer for small fruits.
Give horses a few pounds of hay before feeding them oats.
Black leghorns are the best laying hens through the winter.
Wheat makes excellent fodder for fattening hogs, or for laying hens.
A colt should be halter-broken as soon as it can trot by its mother's side.

Bees should be kept in a sheltered place and protected from chilling winds.

Wash hen-houses thoroughly with a weak solution of carbolic acid to rid them of lice.

Small Canada peas, sown broad-cast, are profitable as fodder for milch cows and hogs.

A well-kept heifer of good size and well-developed, may come in when she is two years old.

Cows that are petted and kindly treated from calf-hood up, are most orderly and gentle.

Give fowls water in a rusty tin pan. The iron enriches their blood and makes them lay.

Plant grape-vines around hen-houses. They will flourish there, and furnish shade for the hens.

Cucumbers and cantelopes are most successfully raised in barrels, if kept well supplied with water.

Give work horses careful grooming and the best of feed. They will more than repay your kindness.

Spraying as a protection against insects has become absolutely necessary in all orchards and gardens.

Ring-worm on cattle may be cured by washing once a day with a five per cent solution of carbolic acid, until healed.

Strained Bordeaux mixture with one ounce of Paris green in every twenty-two gallons, is the best insecticide.

Muck should be used as an absorbent in barn-yards, stables, pigsties and hen-houses, after which it makes an excellent fertilizer.

Ornamental gourds make pretty summer climbers around the house and barn. They give luxurious foliage and curious shaped fruit.

The production of beet-sugar is on the increase. The total amount produced last year being 27,000,000 pounds, more than twice as much as in 1891.

Four requisites are necessary to the raising of good corn—proper preparation of the soil, good seed, uniform distribution and thorough cultivation.

Dry or air-slacked lime sprinkled thickly over currant and gooseberry bushes when wet will drive away worms, as well as hellebore, and is not poisonous.

A red sunset tinged with purple, or a gray sunrise, means fair weather; a yellow, or coppery sunset, a red sunrise, or a rainbow in the morning heralds rain.

SOLUTIONS TO APRIL MYSTERIES.

- No. 407. "It never rains, but it pours."
No. 408. "The truth shall make you free."
No. 409. AUSTRALIA No. 411. TAHALIB
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN ALABAMA
SCANNED HAGAMAN
TINER ABATING
RANER LAMINAL
ATER EMINATE
LID BANGLES
IM
A
No. 412. CARABIS No. 413. Brandy-wine.
ADAMANT No. 414. Chain-gang.
RANENTA No. 415. CESSION
ANENDER RANTERS
BANDAGE POSTAGE
INTEGER SLATERS
STARERS ALAMORT
PLACERS
MASTERY

SOLVERS TO APRIL MYSTERIES.

Completes:—Essay, Delian, 9 each; Poplar, W. E. Wyatt, 8; Eglantine, N. Juma, 8; Hara, Remardo, 8; Tyro, 7; Sphinx, Waldemar, Mrs. G. P. C., 6; Mystagogue, 5 1-2; Zeni, Chance, Ypsie, Ainslie A. Ray, 5; Aspiro, 4; Castranova, 3; Roy, 2.
Prize-winners:—1. Essay, 2. Delian, 3. Poplar.
Specials:—1. Remardo, 2. Castranova.
Accepted contributions:—Waldemar, three characters.

RESULT OF THE PRIZE WORD HUNT.

One hundred lists of words in the competition on the name "Columbus" were received. In two of these lists most of the rules of the contest had been violated, and consequently they were thrown out. The largest list of correct words received contained forty-seven words, while two lists contained only two correct words each. The International Dictionary was the authority, but many resorted to other references. The complete list of words to be made from the word "Columbus," complying with the conditions of the contest, is found to be forty-seven, as follows: bo, bolus, bom, bos, bout, bum, clomb, club, clum, cob, col, comb, cub, culm, l, lo, lob, locus, lom, lum, m, mo, mob, mucous, mucus, mus; O, oculi, os, oculum, oul; scum, slub, slum, so, sob, soc, sol, sou, soul, sub, sum, sumbul; almus, umbo, us.
Lack of space forbids mentioning other than the prize-winners, which are as follows:
1. Veritas, Mt. Sterling, Ill., 47. 2. Lancelot Locust, Allegheny, Pa., 47. 3. Castranova, New Chester, Pa., 46. 4. Sphinx, Allston, Mass., 46. Jean, Plainfield, Mass., 46. 5. Elizabeth Marabout, Saginaw, Mich., 42.
The prize for the best appearing list, not including the above, is awarded to I. Blanche Delany, Churchville, Pa.
Oldcastle wishes to thank all who took part in the contest and helped to make it the success that it was.

I Cure Dyspepsia, Constipation

and Chronic Nervous diseases. Dr. Shoop's Restorative, the great Nerve Tonic, by a newly discovered principle, also cures stomach, liver and kidney diseases, through the nerves that govern these organs. Book and samples free for 2 ct. stamp.

DR. SHOOP, Box A, Racine, Wis.

WRINKLES removed, scars, birthmarks, moles, warts, freckles, pimples, flesh worms, tan, powder and tattoo marks eradicated. 20 years' practical experience summed up in 150 page book on skin, scalp, nervous and blood diseases, their treatment and cure. Send 10c. for this book, sealed, and a trial size cake of WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP for the skin, scalp and complexion, or get it at your druggist's, 3 regular size cakes for \$1. A modern luxury for shaving, Woodbury's Antiseptic Shaving Sticks, 25c.; Barber's Bars, 15c., 2 for 25c. All correspondence on skin blemishes free and private. John H. Woodbury, Dermatologist, 125 West 42d st., N. Y. city.

How Dimples Are Made,

and cure. Send 10c. for this book, sealed, and a trial size cake of WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP for the skin, scalp and complexion, or get it at your druggist's, 3 regular size cakes for \$1. A modern luxury for shaving, Woodbury's Antiseptic Shaving Sticks, 25c.; Barber's Bars, 15c., 2 for 25c. All correspondence on skin blemishes free and private. John H. Woodbury, Dermatologist, 125 West 42d st., N. Y. city.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

Sample Book of NEW CARDS 500, 10c. per copy. Write to J. H. Schaff & Co., 100 N. 3rd St., New York, N. Y.

WE WANT RIGHT AWAY
Reliable men in every section of America to keep our show cards tacked up in towns, on trees and fences along public roads, advertise and introduce our goods. Steady work in your own county. \$75 A MONTH. SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID EVERY TWO WEEKS WHEN STARTED. J. H. SCHAFF & CO., CINCINNATI, O.

I TEACH BY MAIL CRAYON PORTRAIT PAINTING.

I guarantee to teach anyone who can read and write to paint a Life Size Crayon Portrait in 4 lessons by a new method. Send \$5 in silver, postal note or money order for first lesson or send stamp for particulars. Address H. A. GRIFF, German Artist, Tyrore, Pa.

AGENTS are making from \$5 to \$10 a day selling the Patent DISINFECTANT HOLDEL, the Great Chlorine Preventive, containing Phenol Camphor, the best disinfectant and deodorizer known. Write at once. Big commissions. Exclusive territory. Sent at sight. Columbus Deodorizing Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Cheering Words From All Over the Union.

Gentlemen:—Camp Douglas, Wis., Feb. 18, 1893.
I have used OXIEIN and it has done me lots of good, so I send for another large lot.

M. A. REEDER.

Gentlemen:—Raton, New Mexico, Feb. 18, 1893.
I herewith send \$25 for more OXIEIN. The last lot was sold in a few days. People are finding out what a wonderful remedy it is. It has cured my son of long standing Asthma, and he has gained 25 lbs. in three months, so I feel sure that I can dispose of a very large quantity, the coming year.

Mrs. R. P. LITTON.

Gentlemen:—Berger, Mo., Feb. 18, 1893.
I think OXIEIN works especially well with those who are suffering from nervousness in their declining years. It seems to build one right up and infuses new life, so I send for another lot.

HENRY WALKER.

Gentlemen:—Beaumont, Texas, Feb. 8, 1893.
I send \$5 for more OXIEIN. It is getting to be very popular. One lady who has used it for Catarrh, says it is superior to anything she has ever tried. A single tablet relieves her.

J. T. KLINE.

Gentlemen:—Racine, Iowa, Feb. 19, 1893.
OXIEIN has done myself and husband so much good that I wish to act as agent, and I know I can sell a lot of it here.

Mrs. C. J. MENDICOTT.

Gentlemen:—Corry, Pa., Feb. 19, 1893.
OXIEIN has done wonders not only for myself, but also for my aged mother, as we have lived here for 30 years, the people all know her and they are surprised at the wonderful effects derived from the use of your wonderful discovery. I send for a large lot as they are already calling for it.

ETTA DUNN.

Gentlemen:—La Mesa, Cal., Feb. 16, 1893.
OXIEIN is helping me wonderfully. I wish for another lot.

Mrs. ROCENA YOUNGS, Postmaster.

Gentlemen:—South Lincoln, Me., Feb. 17, 1893.
I sold the last lot of FOOD in two days. It is going like hot-cakes here since the man who has been lame for years has, since taking OXIEIN, been walking around telling everybody of his wonderful cure. I only send \$12 this time, but intend to send for a large lot soon. It is working wonders in all cases.

ELSIE D. CURTIS.

Gentlemen:—Macon, Mo., Feb. 20, 1893.
I might have been called a total wreck before using OXIEIN, for I was not only crippled with Rheumatism and Spinal disease, but greatly troubled with Catarrh and other complaints. I was sick in bed for weeks before taking OXIEIN, but in three days it got me on my feet, and am now able to walk and work. OXIEIN is selling very fast here, and people are simply dumbfounded from the good effects they see manifested in my case.

WM. LUCAS.

Gentlemen:—Mission City, B. C., Feb. 16, 1893.
I wish to thank you for the good OXIEIN has accomplished in my wife's case. She had been suffering with nervousness for years. For weeks she had not slept. The doctors had given her up and said she could not live, and the slightest noise would put her in agony. Since taking OXIEIN, however, she has become well and strong. People here say it is the greatest miracle that has ever happened. Many of our neighbors have been greatly benefited from its use also. I herewith send for another lot.

JOHN FENNEFF.

Gentlemen:—Muskegon Heights, Mich., Feb. 17, '93.
It is a pleasure as well as a surprise for the people here to look at me and exclaim how fast I am gaining. Certainly your food is all you claim it to be and more, for I believe it has saved my life, having tried nearly everything without benefit. I can now eat, sleep, walk and talk, where it was impossible for me to do so a short time ago. Many who have been taking patent medicines in this section, say it did them no more good than so much water, while OXIEIN has given them life and strength. I have sold OXIEIN as far as twenty miles around here, and they all speak in high terms of it. Please send this lot at once.

Mrs. CHAS. CUSHMAN.

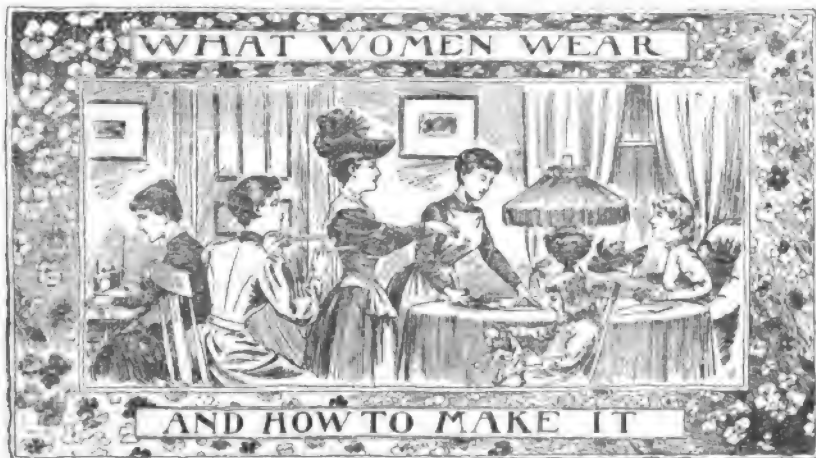
Gentlemen:—Winston, N. C., March 1, 1893.
My daughter has used OXIEIN with such beneficial results, that I wish to act as agent, and do all I can to introduce your wonderful FOOD for the nerves. There is certainly nothing that will act more quickly on the nerves than OXIEIN. Mrs. JAMES MILLER.

Gentlemen:—Achilles, Va., Nov. 28, 1892.
Your OXIEIN and plasters have done a power of good for my wife. They are better than all the medicine we have ever used. People notice the great improvement in her health and looks, and all praise OXIEIN. As others wish to try it, I herewith send for another lot.

JOHN W. THOMAS.

A WONDERFUL SUN-STROKE CURE.
Mr. A. H. Meeks when lately ordering an assorted lot, said: "Your OXIEIN acts with remarkable effectiveness in cases of sun-stroke. A prominent minister who was at the head of one of the popular churches of the United States, having been over-worked some four years ago, was stricken down with sunstroke. The best and most eminent physicians in this country failed to benefit him. He was taken to Philadelphia for treatment, and not allowed to see any of his friends. He was finally induced to try OXIEIN, and is now rapidly improving and is very happy to have found a remedy that will bring him back to life and strength again."

The Giant Oxie Co., Augusta, Maine, will send free samples of OXIEIN, the Wonderful Food for the Nerves, to any one sending their address during the next 30 days.



Copyright, 1893, by The Gannett & Morse Concern.

HY do you never give any fashions for elderly women?" asks a sweet, white-haired lady, who will never grow old herself in the ordinary sense of the words.

And so, this month, we will give some designs for the use of elderly women. The days when all women of fifty and over, dress exactly alike in plain black gowns and big, unbecoming bonnets with old-fashioned ribbon strings have gone by; and there is as much chance for individuality in

dress among the mothers and grandmothers of America as there is among the children and young girls.

It is always our aim to give practical and useful hints on Dress Fashions, such as combine common sense with comfort and usefulness. It is well-known that manufacturers and trades-people get up many extravagant styles in women's dress, simply to sell large quantities of their goods. But this is not real style, or at any rate not common sense. Again, so-called "style" and "fashion" are not always identical with the fact of being really well-dressed. A woman may make herself an exact imitation of the latest European fashion-plate, and yet be nothing more or less than ridiculous. A well-dressed woman combines practical common sense with usefulness, a reasonable degree of economy, a regard for comfort and a sense of the artistic and beautiful.

And these conditions are what COMFORT always endeavors to combine in its hints on Dress.

There is nothing prettier for the woman of mature years than the time honored black Henrietta; or, if this is too expensive, a good quality of cashmere or India twill may be bought for from fifty cents to one dollar per yard. Our illustration shows a gown of black with close fitting round waist and puffed sleeves. The deep collar of velvet is edged with jet and the sleeves and belt are edged with velvet. A band of bias velvet eight inches deep finishes the bottom of the skirt. A narrower band may be used if desired. Black silk grenadines, surahs and India silks are much worn and are sensibly made in this way.

The American woman cannot be too careful in the choice of material and patterns. A handsome fabric needs very little trimming; and a comparatively narrow foot-trimming is better adapted for elderly women's uses than the more elaborately ruffled fashions of younger people. Cut your skirts so as to flare a little at the front, more on the sides and considerably behind at the bottom. Stiff and heavy trimmings at the knee are inartistic because they break the figure into unbecoming lines. The latest sleeves from Paris are noticeably smaller at the top than those of the early summer; and there are hints of their being still more reduced in the fall. A dressy black silk for a middle-aged woman has a flounce of eight-inch lace at the bottom of the skirt, headed by a narrow fold of the silk. The plain round waist is trimmed with a bertha of the same lace, which is also used as a deep cuff. Black challoes with colored figures also make up attractively after this fashion.

Bonnets for elderly ladies are rather small, but as many of them are edged with a plaited frill of lace, a large effect is obtained. Black lace bonnets, with the frames outlined in jet, and a jet wing or aigrette, nestled among the lace bows at the front are quiet and elegant looking. Wide lace ties add the finishing touch. Ribbon ties should not be used unless ribbon is also employed on the body of the bonnet. When ribbon is used, however, it should be of the widths known as numbers 16 or 20, as narrow ribbon garnitures have "gone out."

Ribbons are very popular as dress trimmings, many yards often being used on a single gown. White satin ribbon belts with long loops and ends, tied at the left-front, are the most popular for use with white or light cotton dresses. White dotted muslin is again in favor for summer gowns. Nothing can be cooler or daintier for a hot July day than a dotted muslin made up like our illustration. Just a word right here to the pale or sallow maiden. The cream colored muslins are much more universally becoming than the dead whites. The latter bring

out all the yellows and grays in a poor complexion, while the cream tints soften and conceal them. In choosing your summer muslins, study your own complexion.

Dotted muslins come at prices varying from twenty to seventy-five cents a yard. They wash and "do up" perfectly and if ironed on the wrong side will keep their new look as long as there is anything left of them. The dotted muslin gown given is made with a full un-gored skirt, gathered slightly in front, and very full at the back. The waist is made full over a tight lining, and has a straight collar. Wide bretelles either of the dotted or a plain muslin are added to the front, and wide point de Gene lace is fitted to the edge, passing across the back of the collar. The sleeves have a puffed top and the belt is of number 9 white satin ribbon, tied in long loops and ends at the front. Plain white muslins may be made in the same way; while dainty colored organdies made over tinted linings after this pattern are universally becoming and appropriate.

White duck and linen suits, made with plain skirts and short Eton jackets, similar to the one given last month in COMFORT's World's Fair Dress, are a novelty of the season. And if any reader has an old-fashioned white pique dress she can cut it over according to that pattern and be in the height of the present fashion.

At the present popular prices of summer goods, no one need go without a pretty and cool dress for hot days. The wool challies come at from forty to fifty cents a yard. The cotton and wool ones, which come in just as pretty designs and will bear washing, cost from seventeen to twenty-five cents; and the cotton ones range in price from four to twelve cents per yard. Fine organdies run from twenty-five to seventy-five cents a yard, figured lawns vary from five to fifty cents; and there is a multitude of gingham, chambrays, and prints at low prices. Almost any large city dry-goods house will send out samples on application; and for a few cents, or a few dollars, the country reader may be as daintily clad as her city boarder. There are many ways to freshen up last summer's gowns. A new ribbon belt, and a deep lace bertha will do much to make an old frock seem new. There are many kinds of lace berthas in the market, and it is well to have one on hand to wear with different gowns for dress occasions. The one given has a fitted foundation of fine white muslin. Over this, wide lace is secured smoothly and fastened tightly at the edges. A narrow, round collar of muslin is also covered with lace. The bertha, which fastens on the left shoulder, is edged with a full deep frill of the lace. It may be made of either white, ecra or black lace, and is always dressy.

Some one has inquired for the most fashionable way to do up the hair. Elderly ladies usually adopt some one style that is becoming to them, and then stick to that style regardless of changes in fashion. And in fact, all styles are fashionable for them; either high or low coiffures, French twists, puffs, pompadours or crimped fronts, according as they are most becoming, being regarded as the proper thing.

For young ladies, however, the present style is the round knot placed just below the back of the head, into which the "scooping locks" are carefully gathered. The front hair is worn in a wavy or fluffy bang, but well off the face. The low bang, and especially the straight one, are things of the past. It is the fashion now, for every girl and every woman to show her forehead. It may be softened by a wavy line of hair, but it must not be covered. The old and pretty fashion of wearing bows of colored ribbon or a spray of natural flowers in the hair, nestled just back of the ear, has been revived, and is generally becoming.

The daintiest goods for children's best summer dresses are the ordinary small-figured challoes. These goods are not much different from the old "delaines," except that they are thinner and lighter. A plain, light ground with rose-buds or other small sprays of flowers, makes a beautiful little girl's dress. Such gowns may be made to wear with a guimpe, or they may be fashioned after the Empire style with square yoke, straight collar and full sleeves. The skirt hangs in loose folds from the yoke, which may be trimmed more or less elaborately with lace.

For school and every day wear, nothing is prettier than the neat gingham and chevrets. Make the waists with a deep pointed yoke, and a wide belt, the sleeves full and hanging straight from the shoulder, and the skirt gathered to the belt. The yoke and belt may be different from the rest of the dress, if desired, and rows of white braid may be used for trimming. There is nothing new in children's aprons. So many frills are used on the yokes to many of the children's dresses, that school aprons are modeled more like a

baby's flannel petticoat than anything else. The old-fashioned sleeved apron, however, is still worn, and nothing better has ever been devised for keeping little girls clean and wholesome.

Summer cloaks for little girls have taken the form of short jackets cut like reefers, only with the revers shorter and longer. The prettiest are made of ladies' cloth in bright colors, and have no trimming at all, or, at most, nothing more than one or two rows of narrow braid. Fancy gimps are not used at all for the purpose.

Children's hats are large and narrower behind than in front. Many of them incline to the poke in shape. The "flat" is still popular and generally becoming. It is generally trimmed with a wreath of fine flowers, daisies perhaps. Always remember that the plainer a child is dressed the better. Jewelry is out of place on children. No matter how much money the parents may have, they only show evidence of vulgarity by putting showy jewelry on children. The really refined and cultivated rich people never put showy clothing on their children at all. They wear the best and finest of material, beautifully made and fitted; but they are never allowed to look like a milliner's French doll.

By the way, have you ever been in a great city? And have you ever noticed that out of every ten women you meet eight are atrociously dressed? They may be gotten up in "great style," and think they look like the Paris fashion-plates; but they will have on colors that "sweat at each other," and will plainly show that they have not considered the question of becomingness, all of which goes to show that women should learn to combine common sense and general usefulness with fashion and artistic beauty.

Veils are worn very generally, in spite of the heat of summer; this being one of the ways by which women emphasize the fact that they would rather follow blindly what they conceive to be the fashion than to be sensible. Veils are larger and looser than for many years. They cover the entire face and are drawn up in folds at the sides and back and pinned to the hat.

White petticoats are again in favor, the fancy silk ones of last summer, having proved themselves both expensive and unfit for hard usage.

Parasols come in many fancy styles but the plain silk ones, either black or colored, are much the most advisable. Lace ones are not fashionable now, and the much affected chiffon and crepe ones are too expensive and too easily ruined to be commended to sensible women.

Camel's hair in plain colors with over-shot dots of another shade is very much worn for street suits. When made up judiciously with silk of the contrasting tint, they are exceedingly novel.

Blouses are worn more than ever, and are made of all sorts of thin material, from printed cottons up to the most delicate silks. Plaided silks of the brightest colors are quite as popular as last season, when made up into these waists.

Avoid pronounced and conspicuous shades for street wear if you would be well-dressed. Crushed strawberry and heliotrope are entirely out of place on the public-highway, besides being exceedingly trying to ordinary skins. Bright colored gowns for the house are always in good form.

Black and white is a popular combination for the street, and if in fine checks or stripes is in good taste. Leather bindings are being introduced in place of the velvet ones which have lately taken the place of skirt bindings. It is probable that they will come into general use.

Finally, every reader is urged again to mingle a plentiful allowance of common sense with her fashions. Before deciding on either material or pattern for a garment ask yourself these questions: "Will it wear well? Will it be becoming? Is it a fashion that will soon be out of style? Will this pattern allow of the garment being made over another season? Is it the best suited to my means and general style?"

THINGS WOMEN SHOULD KNOW.

A heavy portiere makes a small door seem smaller. Mustard plasters mixed with sweet oil will not blister.

Never put kerosene oil near eatables; they absorb the odor.

Wash old-cloth in clear water; soapsuds removes the varnish.

A weak solution of oxalic acid will remove ink and rust spots.

Put a tar-line around your sugar-bucket, and ants will never touch it.

Fruit should always be thoroughly washed before it is put upon the table.

Keep a small scrubbing brush over the kitchen sink for cleaning vegetables.

Turn down lamp wicks after trimming to prevent the oil from running over.

Add a few drops of lemon juice to boiling rice to make it clear and white.

Peppermints eaten after dinner are said to promote digestion; so does popcorn.

Cheese that is so hard that you cannot press it on the rind is either sour or too salt.

Do not put left-overs away on tin plates, as there is danger of poison from the tin.

Leave your potatoes in cold water an hour before cooking and they will be mealy and white.

Mashed cranberries in a poultice-bag, applied to the affected part, will, it is said, cure erysipelas.

Set dry biscuits in a covered tin pan and place in a warm oven for ten minutes and they will be as fresh as new.

Don't let the sun's rays fall directly upon a mirror. They cause cloudy spots to appear which cannot be removed.

Little bags of unground black pepper, pinned on to hangings and among the clothes in wardrobes, will keep away moths.

Dissolve thoroughly a cup of rock salt in your bath and you will be as invigorated, after using it, as if you had taken a plunge into the sea.

Do not put furniture upholstered with large designs into a small room, or cover the wall with large figured paper. They make it seem smaller.

When grease is spilled on the floor, pour cold water over it. This hardens the grease quickly, when it can be scraped up before it sinks into the floor.

The judicious use of sound fruit is considered an excellent preventive of cholera. The acid in lemons and oranges is said to be deadly to the cholera bacilli.

Do not put away articles of food in paper. The moisture in the food will absorb acids and chemicals from the paper, which is a compound of rags, glue and lime.

Do not wash windows with soap suds. A little alcohol and water rubbed on quickly will leave the panes bright and shining, if wiped dry. Whiting, moistened with cold water, and treated in the same way, is a common cleaner.

Feather pillows may be washed at home. Choose a bright, windy day; fill the wash-tubs with hot suds, and plunge the pillows (with feathers in) in. Put them through several waters, and then hang on the line in the open air. When perfectly dry, shake well, and they will be light, fresh and sweet.

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AS WE SEE OURSELVES.

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NATURE anticipated the vanity of man and woman. There never was a time when one could not see his reflection.

The streams were man's first looking glasses.

There were no mirrors on Olympus, but Narcissus managed to see himself reflected in the water and died for love of his own image.

Perseus when he went on his terrible mission to secure the head of Medusa polished up his shield so that he could see the panorama of the scenery and avoid looking directly at anything for fear of encountering the dreadful eyes of the Gorgon.

The first mirror antedates history.

The earliest ones used were of polished metal.

The early Egyptians made them of polished copper. Students of archaeology constantly encounter them in Egypt on various inscriptions of the most ancient dates.

The ancient Romans used silver for such purposes, and the mirrors of that time were most elaborate and artistic.

Some old records speak of golden mirrors, but Mr. Beckman, who is an authority on such matters, decides that gold was only used for ornamental frames.

The early mirrors were small, either for hand use or for wearing on the girdle. The most exquisite workmanship was put into them.

Fashion, like history, constantly repeats itself. The hand mirror of the Roman beauty reappears today on the toilette table of the fashionable belle backed with stamped silver.

In the ancient times this circular mirror was ornamented with historical and mythological figures. Today wreaths and flowers with little cupids among them



ROMAN HAND MIRROR.

are the favorite style.

Ordinarily the ancient mirrors had ornamented handles. Sometimes these handles were made like a pedestal so that the glass could stand upright on the table.

Smaller mirrors, to serve as those for the pocket do today, were shaped like boxes, the lids of which were richly engraved or wrought. These were worn at the girdle.

Exactly when glass came in is uncertain.

It is said that Praxiteles taught the use of glass for this purpose 328 B. C., but if he did the art was lost for centuries.

Pliny the elder, the historian, speaks of glass being made in his time in Sidon, the famous Phoenician city where the lost art—the making of purple glass—flourished at one time, and has baffled all the skill of future ages to reproduce it.

In the days of the great historian, who was born in the 23rd year of the Christian era, panels of polished stone were set in the walls of Roman houses. Many of these panels were of obsidian, a volcanic stone, containing a great amount of silica, and which was so dark in color that when polished it appeared to be black. This fashion was no doubt the first form of the wall looking-glass that we have to-day.

Plautus records that in the time of the first Roman Emperors mirrors were so common that maid servants carried them.

In 625 Pope Boniface sent a mirror to England to Queen Ethelberga of Northumbria, and there are evidences that the early Anglo-Saxons had mirrors for they appear on rude carvings in Scotland.

It was not until the 13th century that glass finally succeeded metal, and it was not until 1763 that the industry was introduced into England.

The famous Duke of Buckingham was actively interested in the first glass works which were established at Lambeth, by Sir Robert Mamsel, who brought to England Italian workmen to aid his venture.

One of the earliest mirrors made, a very rude affair, is now preserved in Holyrood Castle, Scotland, the castle where the ill-fated Mary Stuart lived.

In the sixteenth century they first became articles of household furniture.

Tin and lead were first used to back glass for mirrors, and after that silver was used.

Venice was the first to produce successful mirrors of glass and they were very costly.

When the effects of the French Minister Colbert were sold, a mirror 46x26 inches, brought 8,016 livres, nearly \$1,500, while a Raphael, sold at the same auction, brought only 3,000 livres, a little more than a third as much.

In 1691 Venetians introduced the art into France. Mirrors are to-day backed with quick-silver.

The method briefly described is something like this: A sheet of tin foil is spread on a table which has a smooth stone top so arranged that by means of a lever it can be tilted slightly, at will.

This top is covered with quick-silver a quarter of an inch deep, the superior surface of which is liquid, which, by means of an edge to the table, is prevented from running off.

The glass is thoroughly cleansed and heated, and then slid horizontally along the table into the quick-silver, being pressed down so that no air is between its under surface and the liquid.

The glass being in position, the table is tilted and

the superficial quick-silver runs off. A weight is then pressed on the glass, and it takes weeks to dry.

As late as 1840 tin and lead were used to back mirrors. Drayton, an English chemist, first put the silvering process into practical operation, but his method was not successful, as the mirrors spotted easily. The Pettijean process was patented in 1845 and was successful.

Silver precipitate is still used some for some expensive mirrors and has many advantages. It is harmless to workman, can be completed in a few hours, and can be repaired.

It is rather sad to think that the making of mirrors by the usual process has always been, and is still, dangerous to the health of the workmen. This common article, so necessary to the vanity of man and woman, is provided at the expense of the well-being of our fellow creatures. It is true that every precaution is taken by manufacturers to-day to protect workmen from the dangerous fumes of the quick-silver, but even modern skill cannot wholly do away with the hazards of the industry.

MY SUBSTITUTE.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY HERBERT S. CUNNINGHAM

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ONE year ago, when I was in the prime of life, I became editor and publisher of a weekly newspaper in an enterprising Western city.

At the time of which I write, I had lived in the place but a short time. As my friends were few, I was rather lonely; and should have been more so had it not been for my only pet, an enormous long-armed baboon. No one knew of the existence of this pet; for Mike, as I called him, stayed in the office all the time and when any one entered, he would be snugly hidden away.

One week some rather strong editorials appeared and the ire of some of the leading citizens was aroused. I soon received a note saying that my room was preferable to the next day I should have the pleasure of some experiences with Judge Lynch.

As I had but little cash I slept in a back room of the office and boarded myself.

Soon after I received the note, my mind was made up, but my decision was not to leave town. When night came I put Mike in my bed and then put myself in his place—i. e., under it.

In a short time I had the satisfaction of knowing that he was fast asleep.

As I lay there, I thought of my past life and of how the present trouble would end. Mike was large and strong, and I was no mean antagonist myself; but would we be able to cope with a mob of armed men? And then I thought that perhaps if I had remained at home, an unsophisticated New England youth, it would have been better. For to be but twenty-six and to have passed through trials enough for a man of sixty, is a hard experience.

About midnight I heard the office door open and ten men entered my bed-room. All were unarmed with the single exception that one man held a stout rope in his hands.

They approached the bed and one of them seized by the throat what he supposed to be me.

Mike resented this assault and with one of his hands, grabbed the man by the throat. With his other hand he reached out and got another man by the hair; whose head he brought down with a terrific and resounding thump on the skull of his first prisoner.

While engaged in this amusement he did some lively kicking with his muscular legs. Reaching out with one foot, he stuck his long claws in the face of some one; and from the yell that followed, I thought Mike had surely killed the fellow's nose out. Then he leaped from the bed and flew, first at one, then another; clawing, tearing, kicking, chewing, and striking, all at the same time.

I could hear him ripping their clothes off, and I think that some flesh came too, judging from the yells, curses, prayers and groans that came from the throats of the astonished intruders.

A terrible crashing of glass, a fearful yell, and a dull thud on the sidewalk below, told me that Mike had thrown one of them through the window.

After ten minutes of this work, the would-be-lynchers began to think that I was too much for them; and with a common impulse they all rushed for the door and down the stairs to the street.

Mike followed them all the way and, by their cries, I think he must have done some effective work.

He soon came back and I crawled out from under the bed. Mike was not hurt in the least; but I afterwards found out that all the men were seriously injured; several had their ribs broken, one had an arm broken, the clothing of every man was ruined, and all were more or less damaged.

The following editorial appeared in the next number of the "Blizzard."

"A dastardly attempt was made on the life of the Editor last Thursday night. Some of the prominent citizens, not liking certain plain remarks in the last 'Blizzard,' sent an anonymous warning to the Editor. As this had no effect, several of them entered his room with the intention of lynching him. But they were not aware that we had taken lessons of Yankee Sullivan, and so we are still here."

NOTES.

"Judge Jones fell through a window Thursday evening and sustained a fracture of the collar bone."

"Major Peters and Colonel Brown each had the misfortune to receive severe kicks in the ribs, Thursday night."

"Frank Smith fell down stairs and broke his arm Thursday night."

"Thursday was a prolific day for accidents. Besides the above, Colonel Johnson, Colonel Williams, Major Jenkins, Dr. Fraught, Capt. Wyman, and Bummer Bill Simpkins were badly damaged."

I lived in the town for several years after this, but no one ever attempted to injure me. They evidently thought that I was quite a prize fighter. But I should not have fared so well that night if it had not been for My Substitute.

WORLD'S FAIR ITEMS.

A palm tree 127 years old is in the California building. It is fifty feet high, and was lifted by a derrick from its home, near San Diego, boxed about the roots, and brought East with great difficulty.

General Israel Putnam's gun, with which he killed the famous she-wolf 140 years ago, is at the Fair. It belongs to a family in Putnam, Conn. This is the first time it has left Connecticut since the redoubtable general carried it.

The Japanese fisheries exhibit is quite unique. They claim that the fish of Japan are harder to catch than ours, and that it is impossible to use American tackle there. They use very small hooks but very strong ones, and take great pains with their bait.

Alaska has a most complete exhibit. Among other things, is a war-canoe forty years old, quaintly painted and with the marks of many arrow-heads on the sides. There will also be totempoles, trophies and tanks, old sleds, and the most remarkable collection of furs ever shown from any country.

The gold and silversmiths of London exhibit a

Shakespearean casket made of damascened iron, covered with an arabesque of 18 carat gold. The floral ornamentations are in Elizabethan style, and frame enamel paintings of various scenes from the great dramatist's plays. The whole is surmounted by Shakespeare's crest—a falcon holding a tilted spear.

Edison's latest invention, so long kept from the public, is on exhibition in his department. It is the kinetograph, and is to the eye what the phonograph is to the ear, reproducing pictures, as that does sounds. With it, Mr. Edison claims, it is possible to produce all the movements and expressions of any public event or speaker, from a prize fight up to a Gladstone speech in Parliament.

The Woman's Building is beautifully decorated inside in ivory white picked out with gold. On the panels are the names of famous women, both in ancient and modern times. Mrs. Potter Palmer, as president of the board of lady-managers, has her name in large gold letters at the north end of the gallery, and that of Miss Lois Hayden, the architect of the building, is similarly inscribed at the opposite end of the room.

A gigantic model of the mammoth crystal cave of the Black Hills is under the great dome of the Horticultural building. It has taken 200,000 pounds of crystal to build it. It has seven rooms 30x40 feet, and several small grottoes and passages. In one corner is a miniature lake, and in some places water drips from the stalactites as naturally as in any cave. Some of the crystals are tinted, and the whole is lighted by electricity. This beautiful exhibit is free to every visitor.

Tiffany & Co., the New York jewelers, have an exhibit worth \$2,000,000. In it is a large corsage ornament, representing a lattice of maidenhair ferns, in the construction of which there were used about three hundred diamonds and one hundred and twenty-five pearls. Another ornament, the design of which was suggested by a piece of rare old Spanish lace, is composed of 1,000 diamonds, 1,000 emeralds and a number of large yellow sapphires. The entire collection is one of the most beautiful ever shown in the world.

A Turkish bedstead is on exhibition which it is claimed cost \$450,000. It is more than half silver, and weighs about 5,000 lbs. The bed is of the old-fashioned high-post pattern, with a canopy worked out in massive silver filigree work, surmounted by a crown. The posts are round and perfectly plain, but the side-pieces are all carved in artistic floral design. It stands about five feet from the floor, and four steps, unlike those used in the sleeping cars of to-day, assist the personage lucky enough to sleep in the silver bedstead.

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Call or send stamp for full particulars how to restore your hearing by one who was deaf for thirty years. John Garmore, Room 18, Hammond Bldg., Fourth and Vine, Cincinnati, O.

What Shall We Drink?

When the rays of old Sol are boiling down at a ninety degree rate, the air like the breath of a furnace and everything hot, dry and dusty, the natural desire of the average human is to drink. But, what to drink? there's the question.

A beverage to meet the requirements, must, first of all, be absolutely pure and non-alcoholic. It should possess a medicinal element to counteract the effects of the heat and keep the blood pure and the stomach healthy. In order to be palatable and refreshing, it should be sparkling and effervescent. Last but not least, it must be economical and within the reach of all. A beverage that fully meets all of the above requirements and one that is entitled to more than passing mention is Hires' Rootbeer, manufactured by the Chas. E. Hires Co., of Philadelphia, advertisement of which appears in this issue.

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AGENTS! Spels portable force pump and fire extinguisher, puts out fires, washes wagons and windows; sprinkles or sprays trees, shrubs, vines, lawns, streets, gardens; whitewash henhouses; controls swarming bees; balls out boats; used in cotton gins, cooper shops and slaughter houses; Throws water 60 ft. Sample free to one man in each town if you become agent and send 10c. If you don't want agency send \$2. Circulars free. One agent wanted in each

Uncle Tom's Cabin, by Harriet Beecher Stowe, and The Illustrated Home Guest three months for 10 cents. F. M. LUTON, Publisher, 106 Reade St., New York

FACTORY PRICES Sewing Machines \$8.75 to \$19.85. Only 10 per cent. above cost. Shipped on approval. 20 page catalogue free. CHICAGO SEWING MACHINE CO., Chicago, Ill.

A BIG OFFER 50c. MADE IN A MINUTE! At 10c. hang up in the P. O., or some public place, the two show bills that we send, we will give you a 50c. cert., and send it in advance with samples and bills. This will trouble you not one minute, and then if you want to work on salary at \$5.00 or \$10.00 per month, let us know. We pay in advance. GIANT OXIE CO., 43 Willow St., Augusta, Me.

STAMMERING Cured by J. M. Jones, P. O. Box, 1602, N. Y.

AGENTS \$50 to \$100—A WEEK. Ladies or Gents, Best seller known. Need not stammer, but of business or farm the year round. "Harris' Electric Method" runs all kinds of light machinery. Cheap power on earth. Connected instantly to wash or sewing machine, corn sheller, pumps, fans, lathes, jewelers' or dentists' machinery, &c. Clean, noiseless, lasts a life-time. No experience needed. To show in operation means a sale. Guaranteed. Profits immense. Circulars free. W. Y. HARRISON & CO., Columbus, O.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL. THIS NEW ELASTIC TRUSS

has a Pad different from all others, is cup shape, with Self-adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body, while the ball in the cup presses back the intestines, just as a person does with the finger. With light pressure the Hiccup is cured, day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free. EGLESTON TRUSS CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

DRUNKENNESS FREE RECIPE FOR THE SURE AND SECRET CURE OF THE ALCOHOL AND TOBACCO CURSE. Tasteless, Harmless and Certain. Prescription sent FREE to wives or friends of inebriates, or Tobacco users. A marvelous success in even advanced cases. Inclose stamp. Can be given secretly in coffee, etc. Dr. HIRAM COOK, 21 Park Row, New York.

ELGIN, Waltham or Springfield, GOLD FILLED. GUARANTEED 20 YRS. Best in the World. CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your name and address and we will send the elegant watch to you by express for examination, and if you think it equal to any \$50.00 watch you ever saw, pay our sample price, \$9.50, and it is yours. We send with it our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell six we will give you one free. Write at once, as we shall send out samples at this price for 60 days only. Address: A. B. BELL & CO., Wholesale Jewelers, 65 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

RETURN this advt. with order and we will send by express, prepaid, this Gold Filled full jeweled Elgin-style, stem wind and set watch which you can sell for \$25.00 if you like it. Pay Express agent \$5.00 and keep it, otherwise we will return it at our expense. We only ask your promise to go to Express-office examine and buy it. 50 Year guarantee. Give your full name, Express and P. O. address. State which watch you want, Ladies or Gents size. When you send Cash \$5.00 with order will give Gold plated Chain. No chain with G.O.D. orders. Can't afford it and pay C.O.D. charges. What a customer says: Outside Center, Ia., Jan. 10, 1893.—Kirtland Bros. & Co.: Send me another \$5.00 watch. Traded the other I bought for \$5.00. Yours truly, SELL WALTERS. Hundreds speak likewise. Address all orders. KIRTLAND BROS. & CO., 62 Fulton St., N.Y.

Having a Big run, everybody needs it. A wonderful offer. This is a standard work of real value, not to be compared with the anonymous and trashy dictionaries so largely advertised. It contains 320 pages, and upward of 30,000 words, with pronunciation and definition of each, and numerous illustrations. It is handsomely bound in cloth, and is a very neat and attractive book. To those who cannot afford a \$12.00 Webster, it furnishes an admirable substitute; in fact, unless you already have a modern, unabridged dictionary in the house, you should certainly have this. We will send this Dictionary by mail, postpaid, for 6 months, upon receipt of only 33 cents; or we will give the Dictionary free to any one sending us a club of 4 subscribers at 25 cents each. MORSE & CO., Augusta, Me.

WEBSER'S HANDY DICTIONARY

RELIABLE DICTIONARY

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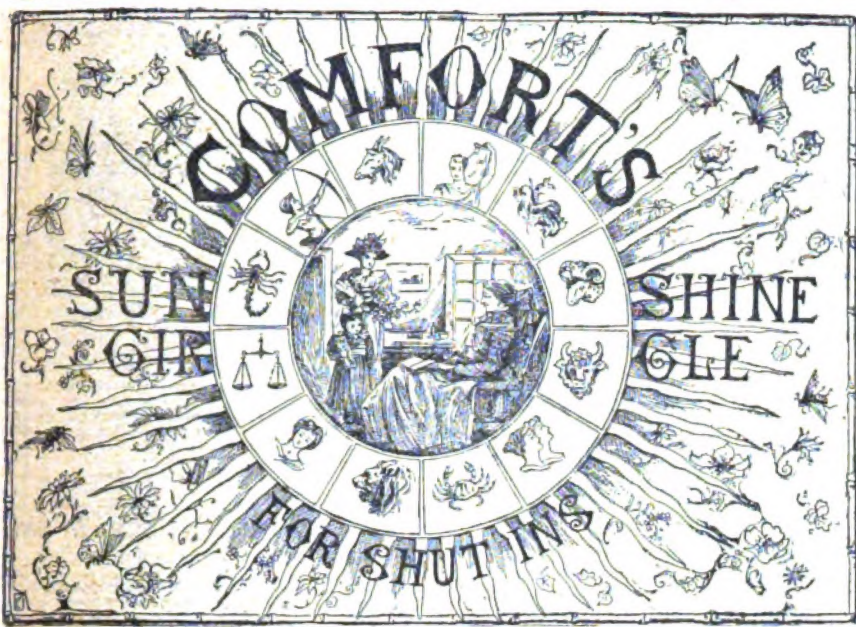
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Every Shut-In who will get up a club of five or more yearly subscribers for COMFORT at twenty-five cents apiece, may send us ten cents for each subscriber, and keep the other fifteen for herself.

The only condition given is that you must furnish satisfactory proof that you are a Shut-In. Get your physician and clergyman, or two other responsible persons, to sign a statement saying they have known you (and how long), that you are an invalid, unable to work, and that you properly belong to the Shut-In Circle.

No club will be received of less than five subscribers, and these must all be sent at one time, together with the amount necessary for the club.

Money may be sent by money-order, postal-note, check, draft, registered-letter, or in postage stamps. Never send money loose in a letter.

Try among your friends, neighbors and relatives. Your children at school or in factories, or your servant-girls among their friends can bring you names of new subscribers. Take it up seriously, as a matter of business, and you will succeed.

All correspondence for this department should be directed to Sunshine Circle, care of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

DEAR FRIENDS:

Again the month comes around, and I settle down, surrounded by your letters, for a little talk with you. Windows are open, birds are filling the early morning air with glad melody, and it seems sad to think that in such a beautiful world sickness and suffering must come, like clouds across the sun, to darken our lives. Yet what should we do without the clouds and the blessed raindrops which leave the earth more fresh and beautiful than before? Just so should all sorrow work in our lives and ennoble our character; and it surely will if we bear it in the right spirit.

There is often a beautiful work a person afflicted by illness can do in a home—a work that shall live and bear fruit in other lives after we are gone; and it is done by gentleness and patience in suffering; by a loving, grateful spirit that shows appreciation for every little attention received; by ignoring any causes for offence, and cultivating unselfishness. An invalid who lives in this spirit creates for himself or herself a perpetual summer, a sunshine in which all who come near will love to linger.

Dear members of the SUNSHINE CIRCLE let our happily-chosen name be an inspiration to you daily, and strive earnestly to make a sunny corner where your friends may learn lessons of patience and faith. Mrs. Browning has beautifully said:

"So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand
From thy hand, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower with a brimming cup may stand,
And share its dewdrop with another near."

Bent and bruised flowers though you may be, see that you spread your fragrance abroad, and "share your dewdrop with another." So shall you be blest.

I have many letters to give you and I shall be obliged to condense them more than I wish, also to leave over many for another month; but do not be discouraged, I shall get around to all in good time.

Mrs. E. F. CARNEY, 205 Hanover St., Manchester, N. H., writes:

"I have been an invalid eleven years this coming June, and have been confined to bed nearly four years. My trouble is chronic rheumatism, and I can never regain the use of my limbs. I do not have any pleasure excepting what I get out of reading. A well person cannot realize how much pleasure it brings to one without friends to have letters, reading, or tokens of sympathy from the outside world. When I got a letter or package it would make me forget my pains and troubles the whole day. I would like to be remembered in any way the readers of COMFORT feel like doing. I have religious books and papers enough but would be glad of good and interesting light reading or fiction."

GEORGIA H. LYON, Fredonia, Kansas, writes:

"I am never tired of reading your bright, patient, and sympathetic letters. I am twenty-four years old, and have always been a cripple. Though more fortunate than many others yet I am sometimes very lonely and sad and long to be able to do more in the Master's name. 'We sometimes wonder why our Lord doth place us

Within a sphere so narrow, so obscure
That nothing we call work can find an entrance
Where's only room to suffer and endure.
Well, God loves patience—souls that dwell in stillness,

Doing the little things, or resting quite,
May just as perfectly fulfil their mission,
Be just as useful in the Father's sight."

In this thought I try to find my consolation, and fill my 'corners' the best I can. I would be pleased to receive curios, relics, mineral specimens, or anything for my 'Curiosity Shop.' Would like to receive orders for scrap pictures."

That is a very beautiful verse this sister has quoted. We are all apt, I think, to imagine that we could do so much more good and live so much better lives under other circumstances than our own, and we do not consider as seriously as we ought the question—are we doing all we can to make our lives beautiful now, just as we are? Are we cultivating a meek and lowly spirit? Are we pleasant to live with? Do we keep our lips from evil, from hasty, unpleasant words that do so much to mar the happiness of a family? Dear Shut-Ins, however ill you may be there is work enough for you to do in perfecting your own character,

and, believe me, there is no way you can work for the Master any better than that.

Mrs. O. M. PENN, Daniel P. O., Carroll Co., Md., writes:

"I am an invalid, and some kind friend has been sending me COMFORT for two years. It always brings comfort within its useful, intelligent pages. Every succeeding number is brighter and more interesting. I find the most solace in the 'SUNSHINE CIRCLE.' I have been a Shut-In for nearly twelve years; an intense sufferer, and most of the time confined to my bed. I have two children, a boy of nearly twelve, who has never known his mother to be well, and a delicate baby boy, not yet one year. We live in a lonely country place and my husband's two sisters, maiden ladies, live with us. I would thank you kindly if you would ask COMFORT readers to remember me on my birthday, July 27th, with letters, quilt pieces of any kind, or any little mementoes. I am trying to get up a club for COMFORT. I have two subscribers, and hope to get more."

Mrs. MARGARET LINVILLE, Bethesda, Bracken Co., Ky., writes:

"I am an invalid, and would like to join the SUNSHINE CIRCLE. Will some of the dear Shut-Ins write and tell me about it, and what I must do to belong? I take COMFORT, and enjoy reading it. Please write at once."

Every subscriber to COMFORT who is a Shut-In belongs to COMFORT'S SUNSHINE CIRCLE. You belong to us already by reason of your suffering, and we welcome you into our midst, and trust that your pleasure in joining our circle will increase every month.

CHARLES T. ZEPP, Melrose, Box 51, Carroll Co., Md., writes:

"Let me thank the kind friends through COMFORT who sent me such nice reading matter during 1892. I answered some of their letters but could not answer them all, for I am poor. I am confined to the house the year round, but when the weather is nice I go out upon the porch. I cannot talk plain, neither can I walk without two crutches and then walking is difficult because of my great weakness. I find comfort in COMFORT'S SUNSHINE CIRCLE. Will the readers send me papers, books, or anything else that would interest me? I have been in this condition upwards of twenty-five years."

Mrs. E. TARBELL, Blyston, Pa., would like a birthday letter party the 8th of August.

MISS JANE CHAPMAN, Ball Gap, West Va., wishes she might have a letter from the sisters of every State.

MISS IDA M. CONNOR, Ball Gap, West Va., would like reading matter to help pass away the lonely hours, also letters. Will send reading matter to any who will pay postage.

MISS ANNA MORRIS, Box 16, Charlesville, Bedford Co., Pa., a great sufferer for ten years, and a lonely Shut-In, would be very grateful for letters and cancelled stamps.

Mrs. SADIE MILLER, Mineral Ridge, Trumbull Co., Ohio, has a sweet little seven-year-old girl helpless with rheumatism, a loving, patient child, for whom she would be thankful to receive pictures and story books, or anything useful or amusing. Will also exchange reading matter or flower seeds.

Mrs. A. D. BERRY, Rockaway, Morris Co., N. J., thanks the friends for reading matter and letters, and would answer the letters, but has been very sick again.

Mrs. HATTIE N. MCGILL, Lewis, Kansas, has been a sufferer for years and is now confined to her bed. Would be thankful for scraps for piece work, patterns of lace, and reading matter which she will pass on after reading. Enjoys SUNSHINE CIRCLE very much.

Mrs. A. J. WHITE, Frametown, West Va., is a great sufferer, lonely, and grateful for reading matter she has received. She would be glad of silk pieces to work on when she sits up in bed.

And now before I close I have one or two things I wish to speak of. First—postage stamps. I receive many letters asking for cancelled stamps, others offering stamps, and still others sending stamps. Often the question is asked me what are the stamps good for? I assure you I have no idea. I never yet have known of any one who got a dollar or a penny for old stamps. I cut the following item from a Philadelphia paper which I give here for your benefit:

"A woman in Pennsylvania, having accomplished the task of collecting a million old postage stamps, has now gone crazy after having discovered that they are as valueless as so much old paper. And yet we suppose the popular notion that such a collection possesses great value will not be disturbed. People like to be humbugged too well."

If, however, you still wish to collect and to exchange stamps, I must ask you not to send them to me as I have not the time to attend to them, but send to those who ask for them, direct. In the requests made the writers ask to have a margin cut of from one-fourth to one-half inch around the stamp which is simply impossible, as the large majority of stamps are put on in the extreme corner, leaving no margin at all on two sides. If any one has any better information to give regarding stamps, I should be pleased to receive it.

ELLA H. WEST, Midland P. O., Marquette Co., Wisconsin, has stamps to give away.

MISS EDMEE BROWER, Harrisburg, Ark., a little sick girl, wants stamps.

VERNIE DENNY, Box 906, Moscow, Latah Co., Idaho, wishes to exchange stamps for house plants.

Mrs. HATTIE RECTOR, Ottumwa, Iowa, sends an earnest appeal for cancelled stamps for a young man who has been confined to the house

eight years. She thinks by getting a million stamps he can sell them and buy a reclining chair. Would it not be wise before collecting to write to "government" and find out if they would purchase?

That is all I can say now about stamps. I am very much gratified to find that so many of our Shut-Ins are profiting by the opportunity COMFORT has offered them to earn a little money. Within the last week or two many letters containing lists of five, ten, twenty, etc., names have been coming in, showing that the Shut-Ins are at work on this new idea and meeting with excellent success. In one or two letters the senders have asked the publishers to send the papers regularly. It is not necessary to ask this. COMFORT is a "square" paper. Its publishers are honorable men, and never promise what they do not carry out; but I think it is necessary to remind our readers that COMFORT has the widest and largest circulation of any paper in the world, (I don't think I am exaggerating when I say this), and that where over a million papers are sent out every month, and thousands of them to new subscribers, if there is sometimes delay subscribers must exercise a little patience; if occasionally a mistake or an omission is made by the P. O. department they must exercise charity and at once notify the publishers instead of grumbling about it. The immense circulation of COMFORT, the wonderful way in which it has increased and is increasing its circulation, tells its own story. And with these few hints I must stay my pen for this time.

SISTER MARGARET.

FOUNTAIN PEN FREE.

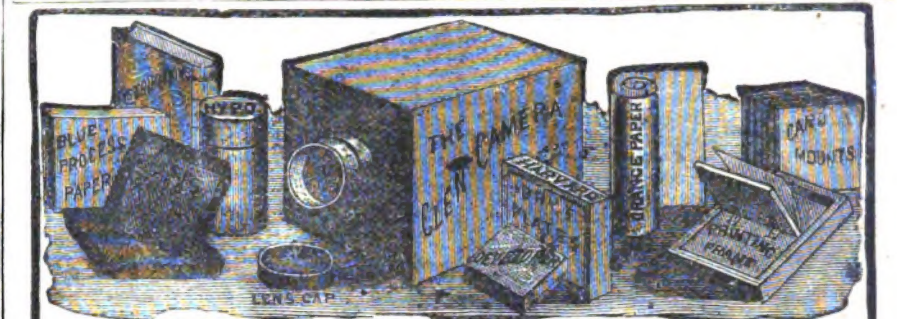
We have secured a large lot of fountain pens that will write thousands of words without refilling; they are full size and made of a new material, and will wear as long as the most expensive ones. You can sell hundreds to neighbors. In order to obtain agents we will give away one to each person sending six cents for mailing, and also send our full catalogue of novelties.

MORSE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

EUREKA COIN HOLDER.



It holds over \$5 of silver coin in half dollars, quarters, dimes and nickels. Small, compact and convenient. It will last for a lifetime. A person using one of these holders always has his coin in a compact shape. He can make change in one-half the time usually required, and avoid all liability of dropping or losing it. The merest movement of your thumb and finger pushes the desired coin into your hand, and another one of the same denomination immediately takes its place. You can readily make change in winter without removing your gloves. The box is small and portable, the coins being arranged in the most compact manner possible, no superfluous space being wasted. Simple in its construction, and warranted never to get out of order. The above cut is about one-fourth size. It is made from strong metal, highly polished, and possesses every essential quality of a good pocket Coin-Holder. Price 15 cents; two for 25 cents, by mail, postpaid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



THE GLEN PHOTOGRAPH CAMERA \$1.00 AND COMPLETE OUTFIT,

THE DOLLAR CAMERA AND OUTFIT COMPLETE

A GENUINE PHOTO-TAKING MACHINE, NOT A TOY, But a Perfect Picture Producer, to be set up and used in any home.

In the line of our hundreds of low priced and reliable specialties, we now manufacture this Complete Photographing Outfit, which will be our leader during the coming season. This outfit consists of everything shown in cut and mentioned below: A strong and perfectly made CAMERA, which will take a picture 2 1/2 inches square, complete with adjustable holder for Plate and PERFECT LENS with cap; A package of the renowned "Harvard Dry Process" Paper; 1 sheet Ruby Paper; 1 package 1 Printing Frame; 1 package Blue Process Paper; 1 sheet Ruby Paper; 1 package Photo Mounts; Hypophosphite Soda; Developing Chemicals; complete and explicit instructions, enabling ANYONE to take ANY CLASS OF PICTURES with this Outfit. Now please remember that you are not buying a Camera ONLY but a complete and PERFECT OUTFIT, all ready for use without further expense to you. No such Outfit has sold heretofore for less than \$5.00. Everything is carefully made and prepared and bound to work perfectly. A wonder to all who see it and its work. You are not restricted to any class of pictures. You can take Landscapes, Portraits, Buildings, in fact ANYTHING. The whole, securely packed in a wood case for shipping. Be your own Photographer. How many places of interest and friends that are dear, do you encounter every day whose image you would like to preserve? With this Outfit you can do it and almost without expense. It contains all the necessary materials. The instructions "do the rest." PRICE ONLY \$1.00 by express, by mail postpaid \$1.15. Given for a club of 8 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each.

Or if you would like to secure a larger and more expensive Outfit FREE, send for our complete Catalogue and Premium List. We have a grand Outfit for \$2.50 and the Eclipse, No. 3, for only \$10.00. We will send extra sample copies of this grand July Number of COMFORT, together with subscription blanks so that it will be an easy matter for you to obtain subscribers and secure an outfit at once so you can build up a large business this season.

EVERY LADY HER OWN DRESSMAKER.

The COMFORT A, B, C DRESS-CUTTING SYSTEM,
Free, as a Premium.

Easiest to understand. Best and cheapest. Gives the quickest results with least trouble. No figuring. No calculations. No blunders. Most correct shape of any system ever devised.

Every lady can learn more at a glance, using this system, than by many hours' study of others. The first trial will secure its adoption. It is equally valuable in the home or to the regular dressmaker.

Gives full instructions how every girl and woman can make for herself tasteful and well-fitting dresses, waists, and basques with the greatest ease and speed. Most scientific and exact results with the least measuring.

HERE IS WHAT WE GIVE:

- One Regulation Size Differential Chart,
- One Dozen Sheets Pattern Paper,
- One Well-made Steel Tracing Wheel,
- One Regular Dressmaker's Tape Measure.

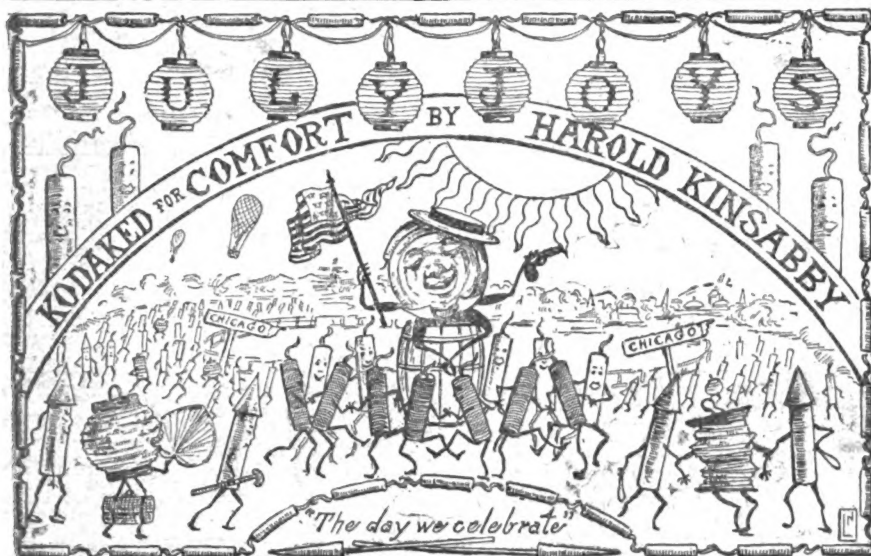
It is a heavily mounted chart over two yards long and two feet wide, having the different measurements all lined out for all kinds of garments, with Bust Measures from 25 to 46 inches. You get the Bust Measure of the person you want to cut a garment for and that one being the ONLY measurement required. Now it requires no measuring for all the different sizes have been calculated and drafted right on to the chart by experts who have made it a business for twenty years, and PERFORATIONS in the chart at each cutting point show just where your size is to come by simply laying on a piece of COMMON PAPER and tracing along the line with a lead pencil. All you then have to do is to cut your goods by the pattern you have thus manufactured yourself—that is all there is to it. But remember, you will find everything on the chart in shape, style and build of garments you want to use, and if you have old wearing apparel you want to make over into stylish fits, you go by the same system in changing them.

It costs no more to have a STYLISH FITTING GALMENT than a poor one, and you actually save 50 per cent on goods by using our system, it has been studied down to such a fine point by experienced draughtsmen. So it requires no mathematical calculations on your part at all (all other systems require a good deal). You just go by the plans all laid out for you. You will find it so SIMPLE, COMPLETE and PERFECT in all its patterns and departments that it can but be acknowledged to be a requisite in EVERY FAMILY, while ALL OTHER CHARTS are so complicated and high-priced that they are entirely worthless to any but the most experienced dressmakers. OURS makes EVERY ONE a dressmaker in ten minutes. The regular price of charts alone is \$2.00.

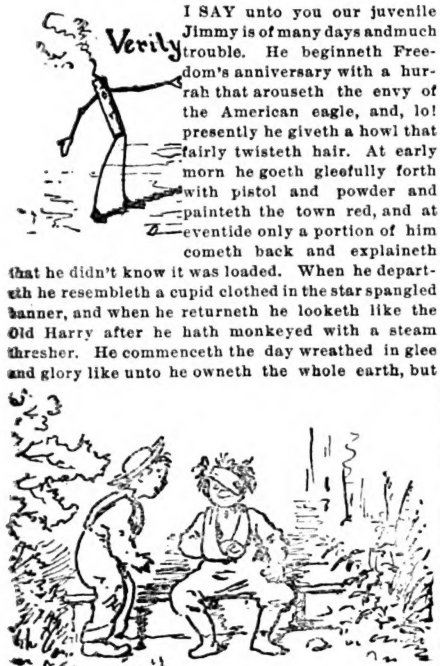
But to every one who will get up a club of six subscribers for Comfort at 25 cents per year, each in advance, we will send one of these Comfort Outfits FREE, we paying all express and mailing charges. By showing a copy of Comfort to your neighbors, friends, and acquaintance, you can easily get up a club in one evening; for COMFORT, with its many improvements and new, original, copyrighted departments, now needs only to be seen to be appreciated. To those who do not care to go to the trouble of getting a club, we will send COMFORT for one year, together with one of these Outfits (all express and mailing charges paid by us) upon receipt of one dollar. This offer holds good for three months only.

Ladies can make lots of money quickly, easily, and pleasantly. Write us at once for terms to agents.

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



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when it endeth he is wrapped in a spread of misery and lacketh one eye and two fingers. At dawn he promiseth his mamma to be a good little boy, but ere the glorious Fourth windeth up he setteth fire to his neighbor's barn with a cannon-cracker and bloweth the ear off his infant sister.

IN THE PARLOR.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

A visitor had come to tea;
'Twas Johnnie's sisters' beau;
He'd taken Johnny on his knee
To let the people know

How much he liked the
little boy.
And gain his sister's
graces.
Said he, "Now Johnnie ride
the mule
And go to different places."



And then he tetered little John,
Who sat astride his knee,
And thought it such a funny thing,
And seemed quite full of glee.
"How do you like to ride the mule?"
The man asked, "Is it fun?"
"O, yes, it could not greater be
Were it a four-legged one!"

NO wonder the World's Fair was late in opening. The managers had to address formal invitations to all foreign powers, and the time consumed in this may be inferred from the following full and correct title of the Governor in chief of New South Wales, Australia.

"The Right Honorable Victor Albert George Child Villiers, Earl of Jersey, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, Governor and Commander."

If His Lordship should bring his whole name to the Fair, and hold a reception, a lock-jaw epidemic may be expected—unless some Chicago belle will kindly put her foot on it.



hibit in the Angel's Wing department of the Transportation building, he saw a beautifully framed motto which read thusly:

LITTLE HANDS
SHOULD EVER BE ON THE WATCH
TO DO GOOD.

That evening he concluded to see Chicago by moonlight, and as there is a good deal to see in Chicago by moonlight, he didn't get around to his hotel until somewhat after one o'clock.

At about half past eight his wife became uneasy and began ringing up the office every now and then to make anxious inquiries about her missing spouse. Every time the bell-boy answered her brought her a supply of ice-water until the lady sat surrounded by seventeen pitchers of Lake Michigan nectar.

But somehow she couldn't drown her sorrows. When the belated husband finally approached he remembered the motto that little hands should be on the watch to do good, so he turned the little hands on his watch back three hours, but found to his unspeakable grief that in his case, at least, it didn't do any good, for, upon knocking at the door, his wife poured out both her wrath and her ice-water, and he got it in the neck as per diagram hereto appended.

The following picture, which represents a "Song without Words," as it were, is respectfully dedicated to the American Small Boy. Its title is, "Before and After, or from Punk and Powder to Poultry and Plaster."



"BEFORE AND AFTER."

WHEN Horatio Buggins of Bungtown, N. J., went to the Fair, his wife insisted upon taking their eighteen-months-old "treasure" along, instead of very properly leaving it with its maiden aunt, who knew nine times better how to take care of it than its own mother—so, at least, the father said. But once on the Grounds they hailed with joy that grand institution, the Chicago Baby Safe Deposit Company, where you can check your infants for an hour or all day, leave full instructions for feed and fussing, and go on sight-seeing, just as though nothing had happened.

So the fond and happy mother, after an endless amount of palavering and puttering, which the patient trained attendant took good-naturedly, left the child and departed with Buggins to do the greatest show on earth. About five o'clock they returned to the children's corral and beheld young Arabella amid seven hundred and forty-three other kidlets, having a most beautiful time. But when the attendant politely asked them to pass in their check, what was their horror and consternation upon finding that

it was not to be found in vain they pleaded with the inflexible attendant.

"No check—no child," was the only answer they got.

To make matters worse, Arabella didn't recognize her frightened mother, but fairly howled to be taken in tow by a portly brunette from the South Sea Islands who proudly redeemed two chubby twins.

Now Buggins is one of those men to whom a row is the very breath of life, and he rushed off, bristling with rage, to the nearest judiciary for a writ of habeas corpus infans, only to be told by

the learned Judge that while New Jersey was technically a part of the United States, it wasn't so practically, at least in his opinion, and his only chance would be to sue the Government. This cooled him off sufficiently to enable him to return and effect a compromise with the superintendent, who finally said that if they would wait until the Fair closed—eleven P. M.—if the infants weren't all called for by that time he could have whatever was left—one or dozen!

So the Jersey couple sat down, not daring even to go to supper lest some resident of Alabangaloo or some other heathenish country should present the missing check and depart with their precious offspring. About half-past eight, when the nurse proceeded to rock Arabella to sleep, something bright and brassy rattled to the floor. It was the missing check, which Mrs. Buggins had given the child, the last thing that morning, to amuse itself with, and to bite on for the promotion of its teeth, while she was gone!

So what promised to be a long and interesting lawsuit was happily averted.

ST. VITUS DANCE. One bottle Dr. M.M. Fenner's Specific always cures. Circular with cures. Fredonia, N.Y.

Thousands Have Saved Dealers Big Profits BY BUYING DIRECT FROM US. Bicycles, all styles and sizes, for both sexes, all at factory prices. New forms and equipments, 400 Fine Illustrations, Describing every article required by Bands or Drum Corps. Contains Instructions for Amateur Bands, Exercises and Drum Major's Tactics. By Laws and a Selected List of Band Music.

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